

BAY GUARDIAN

SINCE 1966. THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF SAN FRANCISCO AND THE BAY AREA. JULY 16 THROUGH JULY 23, 1976. VOL. 10, NO. 41.

THE NEW UPBEAT POETRY

A special section on the current wave of San Francisco poets



Poet Stephanie Mines. Photo by Charly Franklin.

T.R.B. on the Democratic convention

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Dr. Bronner's peppermint peace plan

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Living the gay life in Munich

Notes on Rainer Fassbinder's new movie, "Fox and His Friends." Page 18.

50 new artists in town

A look at the "Introductions '76" show at 18 local galleries. The Back Page.

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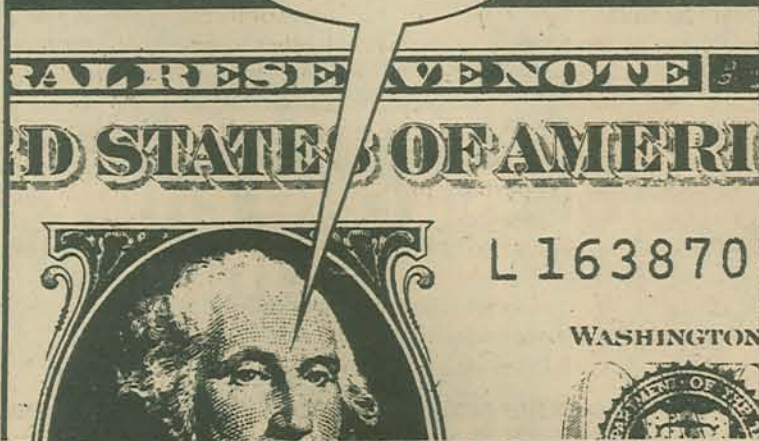


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LETTERS

'JUST DESERTS'

Thanks a lot for the two-part series on the great Monopoly rip-off [Guardian 4/23-30/76]. This just proves that those who do their neighbors in will get their just deserts, if not on this plane, then when they cross over. I remember well the Great Depression days. It was a time of simple pleasures for many, with much inventiveness to while away the idle times between the few available jobs. Though we're much removed from your active scene, we wish you the best in your many endeavors.

—John Weber, Sr.
Omaha, Nebraska

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Peter Carroll's statement that *Time on the Cross* and *Roll, Jordan, Roll* reach "very different conclusions" suggests he has missed the main point of both books: slavery, we thought. *Time on the Cross* made pretentious claims for its methodology; Genovese and others have doubted its findings on the frequency of whippings and the economic profitability of the system. Nonetheless, these two books—the most important slavery studies of the last decade—together describe a surprisingly autonomous slave community with little inclination to revolt. The slaves' standard of living compared well with that of contemporary industrial workers. A stable black family structure was seldom disrupted by sale. (The family's later problems derived from urbanization, not from the peculiar institution. A mutuality of rights and duties rather than a one-way brutality underlay most master-slave interactions.

People on the left flinch from such conclusions. They might therefore consider the example of Genovese, who is indeed "an outspoken Marxist" but of a quirky kind. He values religion, ethnic culture, and rural life; most Marxists have been bigoted against all three. From this iconoclastic angle he proposes that slaves resembled not a restive proletariat (*pace* Aptheker) or concentration camp prisoners (*pace* Elkins) or penitentiary inmates (*pace* Lasch and Fredricksen). Instead they were like members of a large, paternalist family, with a "maddening ambiguity" to all familial relations. Thus emancipation itself was ambiguous. The Civil War both ended chattel slavery and extended bourgeois modernism: a typically double-edged instance of American progress.

—Stephen Fox
San Francisco

Peter Carroll replies: A significant difference between Fogel and Engerman's *Time on the Cross* and Genovese's *Roll Jordan Roll* can be stated fairly simply. Fogel and Engerman, while condemning slavery, suggest that blacks worked well within the slave system because it satisfied many of their needs. Genovese, how-

ever, argues that slaves well understood the exploitative nature of slavery but managed through creative opposition to blunt some of its worst effects. The difference, in other words, involves the authors' appreciation of black self-consciousness, and it is in this area that Genovese is far more sensitive to the people he is studying.

A READER'S VIEW OF THE STRIKE

The Guardian strike continues to confound me. The other day I asked a fellow reader what he thought of the strike, and he replied that for the first time he found himself on the side of management, as did the woman he lives with, though neither she nor anyone in her family had ever supported management in anything.

While I, too, have not been known to support management in labor disputes, this case finds me doing just that, though I must admit to great personal disturbance at even being asked to recognize a management/labor split where my gut tells me there cannot be one. What is such a division doing at a paper like the Bay Guardian, the friendly little grassroots, fun-loving, fact-finding, hard-hitting voice of the people? What happened to "the team" I've always envisioned?

In an attempt to understand, I phoned Guardian Strike Headquarters and spoke with Nancy Dunn, who was very polite but only compounded my confusion. Among the "facts" we discussed were the following:

► They do not want to keep freelancers from publishing in the Bay Guardian. What about

Burton Wolfe's claim that they demanded such a contract provision? A "bald-faced lie," said Dunn. I can only conclude it has to do with the regularity with which freelancers be allowed to write for the paper. By its very nature, a paper like the Bay Guardian needs the latitude to publish freelance stuff at its own discretion. I, as a reader, demand that it be able to keep that freedom.

► A number of workers were laid off without notice when the paper began its transition, and they became afraid for their jobs. They want at least a week's notice of layoffs. I support this demand.

► "Some of them" received nearly 100% salary increases when the paper went weekly last fall. When asked what was wrong with that, Dunn replied that "some of them" did not. I am at a loss to deal with this.

► They want "proof" that the paper cannot currently afford to grant their requested 25¢-an-hour increase. I am also at a loss to deal with this one. I wonder how the paper can be expected to "open its books" to what is considered an adversary. Dunn's reply: They made this request for six months before they left. When I suggested the bookkeeper might give some help with this one, I was told the bookkeeper was not on strike because "she was against unions" and had, prior to the strike, told them she "didn't know the whole picture."

I remain perplexed. It is not as if the Bay Guardian has been making money on the backs of its workers. The suit settlement, the probable cause

continued on page 22

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DEMOCRATIC FUNNY BUSINESS

Last time the Democrats met in New York (1924) they took 103 ballots; this time they don't need any. As the convention opens it looks like a crashing bore, like the one that renominated FDR in 1936 where they brought entertainer Eddie Dowling on to the platform to sing songs or Atlantic City in 1964 where incumbent Lyndon Johnson did tricks with the vice presidential mystery, even trotting out poor old Senator Tom Dodd of Connecticut before giving the imperial nod to Hubert.

You can't blame Jimmy Carter for using the vice presidential gimmick again; after all, what other suspense is there? The Founding Fathers invented the one-heartbeat-away office, the job of spare wheel whose importance is mortuarial. Just to keep you informed, one vice president was named Daniel D. Tompkins (with James Monroe) and somewhere along the line was Alexander Throttlebottom. Who will be the Daniel D. Tompkins for Jimmy? It's nothing to laugh about, of course—to be stand-in for a king; the Warren Commission noted that "attempts have been made on the lives of one of every five presidents; one in every nine Presidents has been killed." The other day a woman snapped a gun at Jerry Ford. Of the last eight presidents four have moved up—Truman, Johnson, Nixon, Ford.

So now the usual chatter is going on elevating the vice presidency; of again promising to give him something to do besides wait. Pay no attention to it. It is always promised never happens (look at Rocky). The jobs are incompatible. Kings and Crown Princes never get along.

Presidential conventions can be great shows and you can generally count on the rowdy Democrats to find something to fight about—with each other—if not the Republicans. On occasion the drama is tremendous: a state banner finally wigwags for recognition, and you know the great contest is over; or when the southern delegates walk out of the Democrats' Philadelphia convention in 1948 over the civil rights plank; or when Sen. Everett M. Dirksen passionately attacks Gov. Dewey at the Chicago Amphitheater in 1952, shouting, "You led us down to defeat!" Old pros remember these scenes.

There will be floor demonstrations in New York, no doubt, but how do you play make-believe where the candidate is already picked, where the platform is decided, and where you are operating a two-party system with only one and a half parties? These tribal rituals are intended to give an aura of legitimacy and mystery to a newly anointed candidate suddenly clothed in the eyes of millions with qualities that only his best friends ever detected before. Winston Churchill argued that a little mystery in the prosaic business of government is a good thing—"the enormous and unquestionably helpful part that humbug plays in the social life of great peoples dwelling in a state of democratic freedom," he said.

So here's Jimmy Carter, come out of nowhere, and now the likely next president. Even yet bewildered northerners haven't got over the cultural shock of calling him "Jimmy." There are still great layers of suspicion and doubt. In the campaign so far nobody has thrown anything big at him. And if nominated is either, Lone Ranger reagan or WIN-Button Ford, capable of throwing anything?

Is it wise under our system to elect a Man Nobody Knows? Maybe we need a revival of the one and only



PHOTO BY ROSE SKYTIA

International Hotel tenants Frank Delosies (left), 96 years old, and Oden Ng were among 400 people who attended a rally in Chinatown July 11 to protest the court-ordered eviction of the I-Hotel's tenants, which was to have occurred July 15. On July 13, the Workers' Committee

to Fight for the International Hotel learned that the state Court of Appeal had granted a temporary stay of execution of the eviction, pending the court's decision on an appeal filed against the eviction order. The ruling on the appeal is expected to be handed down in seven to ten days.

TV presidential election debate between Kennedy and Nixon of 1960. It was a close election and I have always believed it was decided in 10 seconds during the exchange not when they spoke but when they were silent: L spoke but when they were silent: when the cruel camera turned on listening Nixon in the first debate (there were four) and caught him wetting his lips nervously, jowls sweating and apparently near collapse. It was an awful exposure. And again when the camera in the fourth debate turned from Nixon, who was putting on a pietistic and condescending adjuration to his adversary not to defend Harry Truman's profanity, to Kennedy upon whose calm, cool Irish patrician face a smile of utter amusement spoke more contempt and derision than a million words. In those ten seconds many of the 70 million watchers learned Kennedy's identity, guessed Nixon's, and made up their minds. Underdog Kennedy squeaked through with a majority of 111,803 votes—two-tenths of 1% Incredible.

It's not fair to compare candidates of 1976 with 1960, least of all with Nixon, but the fact remains that a great deal of uneasiness persists. Things have been almost too easy for Jimmy Carter. It's not his fault. He saw the gap in the enlarged system of 31 primaries, made plans two years in advance, and opened his sails for the eager media gale. First test, Iowa, Jan. 19; only 45,000 turned out; Carter got 27%, Birch Bayh only 13%. The New York Times called this a "Major Push for Carter."

Next New Hampshire, Feb. 24—with only 22,895 Democratic votes in the whole state Carter got 29% and "won" again (Udall 24 percent). On the strength of 7,000 votes he was now national front runner—a fresh face, preaching love—a sensation.

Finally, Florida, March 9—and George Wallace. (Carter had paid the state 35 campaign visits in 14 months.) Other Democrats (save Jackson) stayed out. Result: Carter 34% (449,000 votes), Wallace 31%, Jackson 24%. Victory!

Carter has shown how a comparative unknown with sufficient ambition, flair and audacity can all but win the American grand prize. Who will say he doesn't deserve it? It's a remarkable story, leading to New York! It's also a funny way to run a country.

—TRB

FOLLOW THAT STRIKE

On July 14, Commissioner Clarence Washington of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service called a meeting "to reestablish communications" between the ITU/Guild and the Bay Guardian in an attempt to settle the month-old strike at the Guardian. The meeting is scheduled to take place in the commissioner's office on Thursday, July 22, at 10 am.

Guardian publisher Bruce B. Bruggmann said, "We're glad there's another meeting scheduled, and we're hopeful that we can hammer out a contract that is fair to the employees and will still enable the Guardian to keep publishing. At this time, the Guardian still has not hired any permanent replacements for those employees on strike, and we hope that they will return to work soon."

Jerry Roberts, spokesman for the strikers, said, "Our negotiating committee will attend the July 22 meeting and will be prepared to bargain in good faith then, as they have done since the beginning of the negotiations." Roberts declined to speculate on the outlook for a settlement.

Meanwhile, the July issue of Typographical Bulletin, the official publication of ITU local 21, reported in a front-page story on the Guardian strike that its "members should be concerned" because the strike "could be a test of strength of the newspaper unions as a prelude of the upcoming newspaper negotiations in

the Fall." The Guild/ITU contracts with the Chronicle/Examiner, Oakland Tribune and San Jose Mercury-News expire Dec. 31, 1976; a contract proposal is scheduled to be presented to ITU members at their July meeting. "Our Unions must win this strike and attain a decent contract for the workers," the Typographical Bulletin concluded, "as a lesson to other newspapers who entertain any thoughts of Union-busting."

In the same issue of the Typographical Bulletin, ITU local president Leon Olson reported, "It is ironical that at the same time our two unions were going on strike at the Guardian, a referendum was held in the San Francisco-Oakland Newspaper Guild on the following question:

"Shall the membership of SFONG oppose merger of The Newspaper Guild and the ITU now and in the foreseeable future; and shall it advise its International officers to take a slow, careful and non-committal role in discussions with other unions about merger?"

"The issue was ordered put to a referendum by the Local's governing body the Representative Assembly) [sic] over the opposition of the Union officers.

"The proposition carried by a vote of 425 to 209. Most of our members are probably as disappointed as I am, and it probably comes as a shock to many."

—Michael E. Miller

HAULING IN THE LIFELINE

The poor and the elderly are talking too often and long to suit Ma Bell. So, without a word about it appearing in the daily newspapers, Pacific Telephone Co. has announced a substantial rate increase for its Lifeline Service beginning Aug. 22.

The Lifeline was established in 1968 to provide the poor and elderly, and customers who do not require extensive outgoing calls, with low-cost telephone service. At first the Lifeline rate was \$2.25 a month for 30 outgoing calls, later raised to \$2.50 for 30 outgoing calls, the present Lifeline rate.

Beginning Aug. 22, though, Lifeline users will be charged extra for every

call exceeding five minutes. When a Lifeline customer called the phone company to find out why, she was told by a supervisor: "Because people are abusing our services."

A spot check by the Bay Guardian revealed Pacific Telephone representatives have been instructed by management to inform customers that too many Lifeline users are making too many lengthy calls, and therefore rates must increase. The representatives also have been instructed to tell customers some phony stories about the Lifeline's origin and use.

For instance, when I phoned the service representative assigned to my number, "Carol," she told me:

1. The Lifeline Service name has been discarded; it is now known as "measured service."

continued next page

2. Lifeline was "a measure taken by the phone company to help old and poor people."

3. The State Public Utilities Commission (PUC) granted Pacific Telephone the right to rearrange Lifeline so that each call can be timed and a 5 cents-a-unit surcharge added to each call over five minutes.

When I checked with Eugene Raleigh, information officer of the PUC, I was told a different story:

1. "We still refer to it as Lifeline Service."

2. "It was established in 1968 at the insistence of the PUC as a low-cost service for people not requiring extensive outgoing calls. Those are largely senior citizens, shut-ins, but not exclusively them. The service is for anyone who makes limited calls."

3. "In 1974 a PUC decision provided for message-rate timing. Those on limited service could be put on a measured service so that each five minutes could be charged as a unit. This established the principle that the more someone uses the phone, the more he or she pays. Lifeline Service was not mentioned. This was not a measure aimed at the Lifeline Service."

Pacific's plan to use the 1974 decision as authorization for increasing Lifeline Service charges has become still another issue for debate at the present PUC hearings on the phone company's request for multi-million-dollar rate increases. TURN (Toward Utility Rate Normalization) is arguing against raising Lifeline charges on the grounds that the poor, elderly and handicapped, whose incomes remain fixed, cannot afford it. So far Ma Bell shows no sign of yielding to TURN's plea.

— Burton H. Wolfe

PEOPLES' POLITICS

The fourth annual **Alternative Education Fair**, the largest gathering of experimental and innovative schools and projects on the West Coast, will take place on Sun/18 from 10 am to 5 pm, at the Hall of Flowers, Golden Gate Park, SF. Organized by the Bay Area Center for Alternative Education, the fair will feature displays, films and presentations by private and alternative educational projects in the Bay Area. Free to the public (474-3775 or 474-4344).

Sup. Bob Mendelsohn announced his support of district elections for SF's Board of Supervisors. He says he'll sign the petitions currently being circulated by **San Franciscans for District Elections**. The group still needs more signatures to qualify their initiative for the November ballot. If you can help circulate the petition, call Don Ziegler at 668-0159 or Rene Cazenave at 431-9892.

Five active members of the Peace & Freedom Party have left P&F for the Libertarian Party. The group includes Elizabeth Keathley, who received 75,000 votes as the P&F candidate against Jerry Brown in the 1974 campaign for governor, and three others who campaigned in 1974 as P&F candidates for state offices.

Ecology Action of Palo Alto is sponsoring a special one-night class on Water Conservation and Biodynamic/French Intensive Gardening, Thur/22, 7:30 pm, Ecology Action Center, 2225 El Camino, Palo Alto (328-7470). . . . The Sierra Club is sponsoring an open house at the Sailboat House at Lake Merritt, Oakland, Wed/21, 7:30-9:30 (658-7470). . . .

The **National Gun Control Center** is organizing a massive campaign against handguns. They are trying to attract one million members (at \$25 each) to counter the National Rifle Association, one of the country's best-financed lobbying groups. They are urging people to display their anti-handgun decals. You may contact them c/o Mayor Maynard Jackson, National Gun Control Center, PO Box 32335, Washington, D.C. 20007.

ON SMOG CONTROL

By Ralph Nader

Well, General Motors, Volvo has done it to you again. The California Air Resources Board (CARB) has announced that Volvo successfully certified four different versions of its fuel-injected vehicle scheduled for sale next year which far exceed the advanced federal statutory air pollution standards.

Moreover, Volvo, in achieving what GM executives continually said could not be done, used an American-made "three-way" catalytic converter and obtained 10% better mileage over its current model to boot!

In 1967-68, Volvo was asked by the US Department of Transportation for crash data about shoulder harnesses. General Motors then was flooding the department with specious arguments about how shoulder belts would not save lives.

Volvo, a long-time provider of shoulder safety belt systems, delivered a study of 60,000 accidents in Sweden that showed the great lifesaving effectiveness of these belts. As a result, the federal government rejected GM's phony assertions and issued the necessary safety standard.

Volvo's recent breakthrough comes as a particular rebuff to GM. The auto giant has been spending much money trying to weaken the auto pollution standards while Volvo went to work and came up with an automobile that far exceeded the final stage federal standards on hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide, and oxides of nitrogen.

CARB chairman Tom Quinn was very enthusiastic about the new Volvo at a news conference. Calling the test results "the most significant breakthrough ever achieved" in the struggle for disease-free cars, Quinn claimed that within the next decade the automobile should cease being a major cause of smog.

If Quinn's assertion that the new Volvo is ten times less polluting than cars sold throughout the U.S. can hold up, his prediction may indeed come true. His agency estimates the added price of the Volvo system to be about \$25 to \$50 per car, with the price going down once mass production starts. The fuel savings alone will more than make up the difference.

The hydrocarbon and carbon monoxide emission levels from the Volvo system actually tested lower after 50,000 miles than at 4,000 miles, while the more-difficult-to-control oxides of nitrogen were just 14% higher at 50,000 miles than at 4,000 miles of durability testing.

Volvo has informed Quinn that it may extend use of its three-way system to its entire model line for 1978. If this occurs the Swedish company's vehicles will exceed all state and federal requirements years before GM anticipates doing so.

The difference here between GM and Volvo—besides sheer size—is the difference between bad faith and good faith in meeting the health needs of people and the law. Volvo itself has criticized the domestic manufacturers' repeated negativism regarding the alleged cost of federal safety and health standards as distorted information "aimed purely at resisting regulations."

Quinn wants to generate momentum from Volvo's breakthrough to overcome what he calls the joint effort by President Ford and the auto companies "to weaken the Clean Air Act and roll back smog standards" in Congress.

He remembers that the domestic auto companies always have presented a united front. They are stubbornly avoiding the obligation to depollute their vehicles even though they agreed in 1969 to avoid collusion after the Justice Department charged them with a 15-year smog conspiracy.

Perhaps members of Congress will take the offensive in declaring to Gerald Ford and Henry Ford II that there will be no rollback of the 1970 Clean Air Act.

The callousness of the White House and the Big Three auto companies may possibly be defeated by the repercussions of a little competition and a lot of good judgement from Sweden.

S.F. TAXI MADNESS

The following open letter to the mayor and supervisors by Burton Wolfe concerns the taxicab meter rate increase announced July 6. Wolfe has studied the SF taxicab industry for the past four years and has published definitive articles about it in the Guardian. When Wolfe sent the following letter to

George Moscone and the Board of Supervisors last week, he was unaware that the mayor had already delivered his own letter to the supervisors supporting Yellow's bid for another fare increase. In an upcoming issue of the Guardian, Wolfe will explain the reasons for Moscone's letter. Meanwhile, the supervisors have postponed a final decision on the fare increase.

— Editors

Dear Mayor and Supervisors:

Bob Mendelsohn's bill granting the Yellow Cab Co. its fourth meter rate increase in the last five years, approved by a 7-4 majority of the supervisors, is an act of stupidity and insanity.

On the very day that approval of the fare increase was announced in the Chronicle and Examiner, July 7, there was an immediate drop in passenger revenues. You can confirm that statement by asking any SF taxicab driver, as I have.


Nothing else could be expected. Following each and every fare increase granted during the past five years, there has been a significant drop in cab passengers. Working cab drivers on the streets since 1970 estimate their paid rides have decreased at least 25% as a result of three fare boosts asked by Yellow, opposed by almost all other cab companies and their drivers, but granted by the supervisors.

As any working cab driver can tell you, this has already been the slowest summer in the past three decades of the SF hacking business. There are already fewer paid fares per cab operator from native San Franciscans than ever before. Only tourists and conventioners are enabling cab drivers to survive, and even they are revolting against higher fares. When the summer is over and they are gone, the bottom will drop out of the cab business.

Just by announcing there is going to be a fourth fare increase in five years, the seven responsible supervisors have already set off a passenger revolt. What else could be expected? Are these seven supervisors so grossly uninformed, unread, ignorant, that they are unaware of the drastic decrease in SF passengers, that they are unaware of the public boycott of taxicabs in New York when a fare lower than SF's went into effect two years ago? . . .

Reversal of the granted fare increase must come quickly, in a matter of weeks with full press publicity, to save what is left of the taxicab business. If the matter drags on any longer than that, hundreds of taxicab drivers, Yellow's especially, are going to have their livelihood permanently cut out from under them.

— Burton H. Wolfe

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UP FROM 'HAPPY TALK'?

By David Johnston

Joe Russin's quiet attempt to upgrade the news at KPIX

Recent arrivals to the Bay Area from other major cities in the country invariably comment on the dreadful state of news reporting here—both in the daily newspapers and on local television. Local TV news, particularly, is dismissed as a serious source of news—with the possible exception of educational station KQED's "Newsroom" program.

This state of affairs may soon change if Joe Russin, formerly of "Newsroom" and currently KPIX (Channel 5)'s news director, has his way. Russin has instituted a number of subtle behind-the-scenes changes at KPIX that may portend the end of the popular but less-than-informative format of local TV news—a combination of "happy talk," in which newscasters gossip between stories, and "top 40," in which as many as 35 to 40 stories are crammed into a half-hour show. Whether Russin, with his noncommercial TV news background, can upgrade the quality of news at a commercial station like KPIX and still maintain or improve upon the ratings—the all-important indicators of success or failure at the profit-oriented stations—is a question being raised by many people within the local TV news scene.

One change Russin has already made at KPIX is the afternoon story conference. At 3 pm each weekday, the KPIX news producers, editors and anchorpeople assemble in Russin's third floor office, just off the station's newsroom at KPIX's headquarters on Van Ness Street. The objective: to decide

what Channel 5's news will be that evening.

At a recent story conference I attended, Russin concentrated on two charts on which were grease-penciled the various stories, their running times and relative positions within KPIX's two prime evening newscasts at 6 pm and 7 pm. Russin stopped the meeting with a question about a 7 pm story labelled "fusion."

The "fusion" story, about a new laser beam developed at UC Berkeley, was scheduled to run for a minute and 30 seconds. Russin felt the story was too short. "A piece about a totally new source of energy in a minute-thirty?" gasped Russin. "Christ, I bet you couldn't even write the equation in a minute-thirty. Let it go two minutes, at least."

Suggesting that a news story run longer sounds are heretical in most TV news circles. But Russin told me that his concern is with creating an environment in which the news department "can think about news."

His emphasis on longer stories has begun to change the role of the TV reporter. Reporters at KPIX are no longer under the gun to produce four stories a day, each, according to an old unwritten rule, no longer than 90 seconds. "I want to restore the reporter's place," Russin insisted. "I want reporters who originate information and see the story through all along. They've been so worried about the story count and the technology, they've been turned into worker bees."

Bill Schechner, who worked for Russin at KQED, was hired last month



PHOTOS BY JANET FRIES

KPIX News Director Joe Russin

"Reporters have been so worried about the story count they've been turned into worker bees."

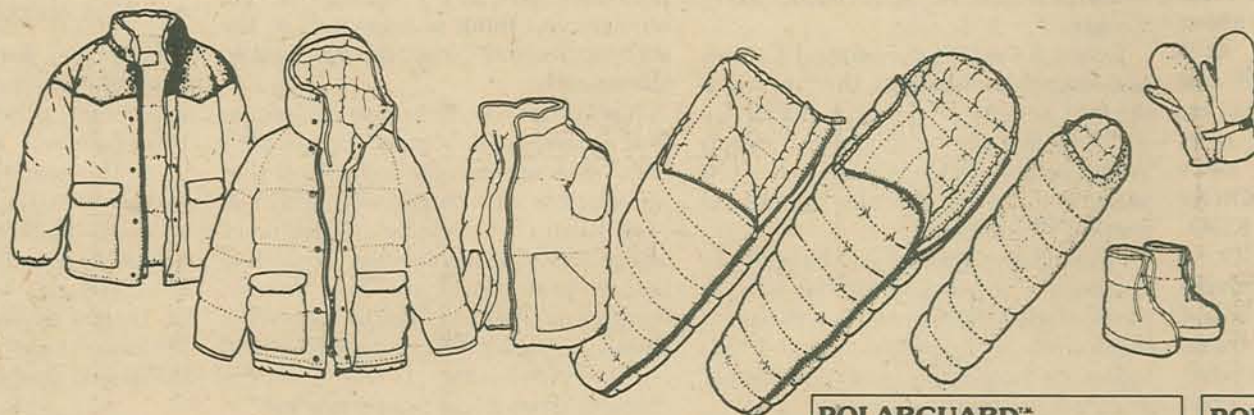
specifically to produce longer stories, or, what the station calls "mini documentaries." His contract with KPIX, unlike a standard TV reporter's contract that provides for more pay for more stories, is written so Schechner does not have to bring in several stories a day. "It means I don't have to run a lot to contribute my fair share," Schechner told me.

Schechner added, "Doing longer stories usually means better reporting because there is always more to an event than the event itself. There are always other sides, and it takes time to explain that. The problem with doing short pieces is that you have to simplify, and at some point, you can't simplify without distorting."

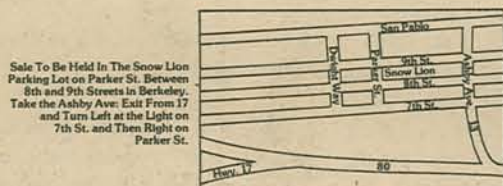
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An off-camera view of KPIX's on-camera news team. Left to right: Stan Bohrman, Lynne Joiner and sportscaster Jan Hutchins.

continued from previous page

Recently, Tim Findley, a former SF Chronicle reporter Russin brought to KPIX last month from KGO (Channel 7), turned in a story about the then-impending Supreme Court decision on the death penalty and its potential impact on the inmates of San Quentin's death row. The running time of the story was nearly five minutes. Commenting on the Findley piece, one veteran KPIX reporter (who preferred not to be identified) told me, "I couldn't believe it. Five minutes! Before Russin, that story would have been turned into a three-part series, if it ran at all."

Besides hiring Schechner and Findley, Russin has brought two off-camera people to KPIX from KQED—assignment editor Chris Weicher and director Cordelia Stone—and has signed political pollster/analyst Mervin Field of the California Poll to an exclusive broadcasting contract. Russin also wants to bring KQED reporter Linda Schacht to KPIX, but only preliminary negotiations have been held so far.

When Russin took over as KPIX's news director earlier this year, the station had already recovered from the nosedive in the ratings the station took in 1973-74. But the station has not risen measurably since Russin was hired. In fairness, newpeople both in and out of KPIX say Russin has not been at the station long enough to affect the ratings.

According to the most recent local ratings, KPIX's noon news is about even with KRON (Channel 4)'s. At 6 pm, Channel 5's newscast is neck and neck with KGO for first place on most nights. At 7 pm, KPIX rates higher than either the network news of NBC's John Chancellor on KRON or ABC's Harry Reasoner on KGO. But at 11 pm, KPIX still trails KGO.

Although these ratings are respectable and KPIX management I talked with indicate satisfaction with them, former KPIX employees and current KPIX staff members I talked with doubt the figures give comfort to KPIX's management for two reasons. First, the "demographics" aren't right. People are watching KPIX, but they are older and lack the purchasing power of younger audiences. Walter Cronkite is the reason KPIX attracts older viewers, a former employee told me. Cronkite's CBS network newscast is sandwiched in between KPIX's two evening news programs. "Cronkite at-

tracts people, but, like him, they tend to be older. Yet, if Cronkite weren't between their two shows, KPIX's ratings wouldn't be what they are," the ex-Channel 5 worker, who prefers anonymity, said.

The second aspect of KPIX's ratings problem are independent stations like KTVU (Channel 2) and KBHK, (Channel 44) who are both attracting viewers in considerable numbers with reruns of Star Trek, the FBI and Room 222. Russin explained, "The problem is that 38% of the people with TV sets are watching television at 6 pm, but 20% of them are watching Channel 2.

KPIX's new superiority began to decline in 1970 when KGO's "Newscene" team of Van Amburg, Jerry Jensen, Pete Giddings and John O'Reilly, leaped from third to first in overall ratings. Van Amburg and company introduced local viewers to the "happy talk" and later to the "top 40" formats. Meanwhile, KPIX tried frantically to stay competitive (see Guardian 5/17/75).

At the same time, personnel changes at KPIX have been fastpaced, even by TV's high turnover standards, and have reflected the turmoil at the station. Reporters like Mike Lee (now a CBS correspondent in Beirut), Rollin Post (now political reporter at KQED) Linda Shen and Rita Trevino came and went. So did anchorpeople like John Weston, Joe Glover, Ron Magers, Gene Tuck, Andy Park and, most recently, Jenny Crimm.

Lynne Joiner, who replaced Crimm last month, describes the turnover during her two years at KPIX as a "revolving door nightmare." Noon anchorperson Belva Davis, with ten years at Channel 5, calls the period simply, "the exodus."

Off-camera personnel changed as frequently. News director has been a particularly volatile position. Russin is the fourth news director since 1972, following Ron Mires, Jim Van Messel and Paul Jeschke.

The problem has not been that KPIX was losing money. George Resing's predecessor, Bill Osterhaus, now KQED's general manager, was ousted in 1973, a year the station netted nearly \$2 million. The problems, at KPIX, were that the station had the potential, via higher ratings, for earning even more profits.

The ratings monkey has fallen squarely on Russin's back. But Russin's

moves have almost all been aimed at improving the quality of KPIX's news. Russin denies that he is applying KQED's noncommercial standards to a ratings-oriented commercial news operation.

"The basic problem in noncommercial and commercial news is the same," Russin told me, "It's a question of getting information, processing it and transmitting it. Our problem here is that the news is boring, it's tired. People are sick of games and tricks. They just wanted it straight with a certain amount of integrity."

The reaction to Russin and his innovations, among the KPIX news staff, has been mixed. Some reporters think Russin's lack of tact (Schechner describes him as "Pattonesque") could have a damaging effect on the news operation, while others insist he is a welcome breath of fresh air. A few doubt that his push for quality reporting will work in a commercial newsroom.

Reporter Bill Schechner, who began working for Russin three years ago at KQED, agreed with other reporters at KPIX that Russin might be his own worst enemy. According to Schechner, "Joe looms over the operation in an enormous way. His weakest side is dealing with personnel kinds of difficulties."

One KPIX reporter told me that Russin had nettled some of KPIX's anchorpeople. "If a guy like Stan Bohrman gets angry enough to go, who do you think will leave first, the star or Russin?" the reporter asked rhetorically.

Anchorperson Bohrman admitted that Russin had "stepped on people's toes," but rejected the suggestion that his relations with Russin were strained. "Joe Russin is handling his job very competently," Bohrman said. Co-anchorperson Joiner told me she thought Russin was doing a "terrific job. He's finally bringing things together, and for the first time I feel like the changes around here are permanent."

Some KPIX veterans, skilled in the short news story style, are worried that Russin's news sense is incompatible with wide audience appeal. One reporter told me, "There was a story, I think it was on KGO last week, about a woman who put her poodle in a micro-wave oven, to dry it off after giving it a bath. She set the timer for six minutes and when she came back, the dog had exploded. She had a heart attack and died. Now, you can do a story like that or some long goddamn thing about the budget or the supervisors. Which one do you think people are going to talk about and remember?"

The pressure to air short, pop news may be brought to bear on Russin, particularly if KPIX's ratings do not improve by this fall when the third

quarter ratings book, on which holiday ad sales are based, is published. One former KPIX employee told me, "Joe has been told about ratings. He's in the middle of a situation where if there isn't a big jump in ratings, he'll either have to speed it up or go."

Russin denies that he has felt "any of those fabled pressures from above" and admits the changes he is making will not produce instant results. "You could create a great effect right away if you wanted to," Russin told me. "You could change the stars, for instance, or you could change the format. But serious change takes a while to be seen."

According to one former employee, pressure to raise ratings at KPIX usually emanates downward from executives at Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, which owns KPIX, along with five other television and seven radio stations in major media markets. (In turn, Westinghouse Broadcasting, aka Group W, is one of 237 major subsidiaries of the Westinghouse Electric Company, which employs more than 200,000 people and has global sales in excess of \$2½ billion.)

The vice president for news at Westinghouse Broadcasting is Pat Polillo, who is described by former and current KPIX news people variously, as a "barracuda", a "one man show" and a "really mean S.O.B." Polillo was news director at KGO when the station built its preeminent news team. According to John O'Reilly (see Guardian 11/14/75), Polillo was one of the chief architects of the pop format that put KGO on top of the heap.

As Group W's news vice president, Polillo regularly monitors KPIX's newscasts. What kind of news does Polillo like to see? One former KPIX employee told me, "Polillo is interested in one thing: story count."

Polillo, however, denied to me that he was tied to any particular format and said that running a number of stories was "just one approach." Polillo rated Russin's performance so far as "satisfactory." He added that he would give him time to make changes and would not interfere with any moves Russin has underway.

George Resing, KPIX's general manager, says that he and Russin had talks for nearly two years before Russin was named news director. Both, according to Resing, had initial fears about the move; but Russin finally grew tired of KQED's restrictive budget, and Resing was finally convinced that Russin could cross the line into commercial television news. Resing told me, "Our outlooks changed over time."

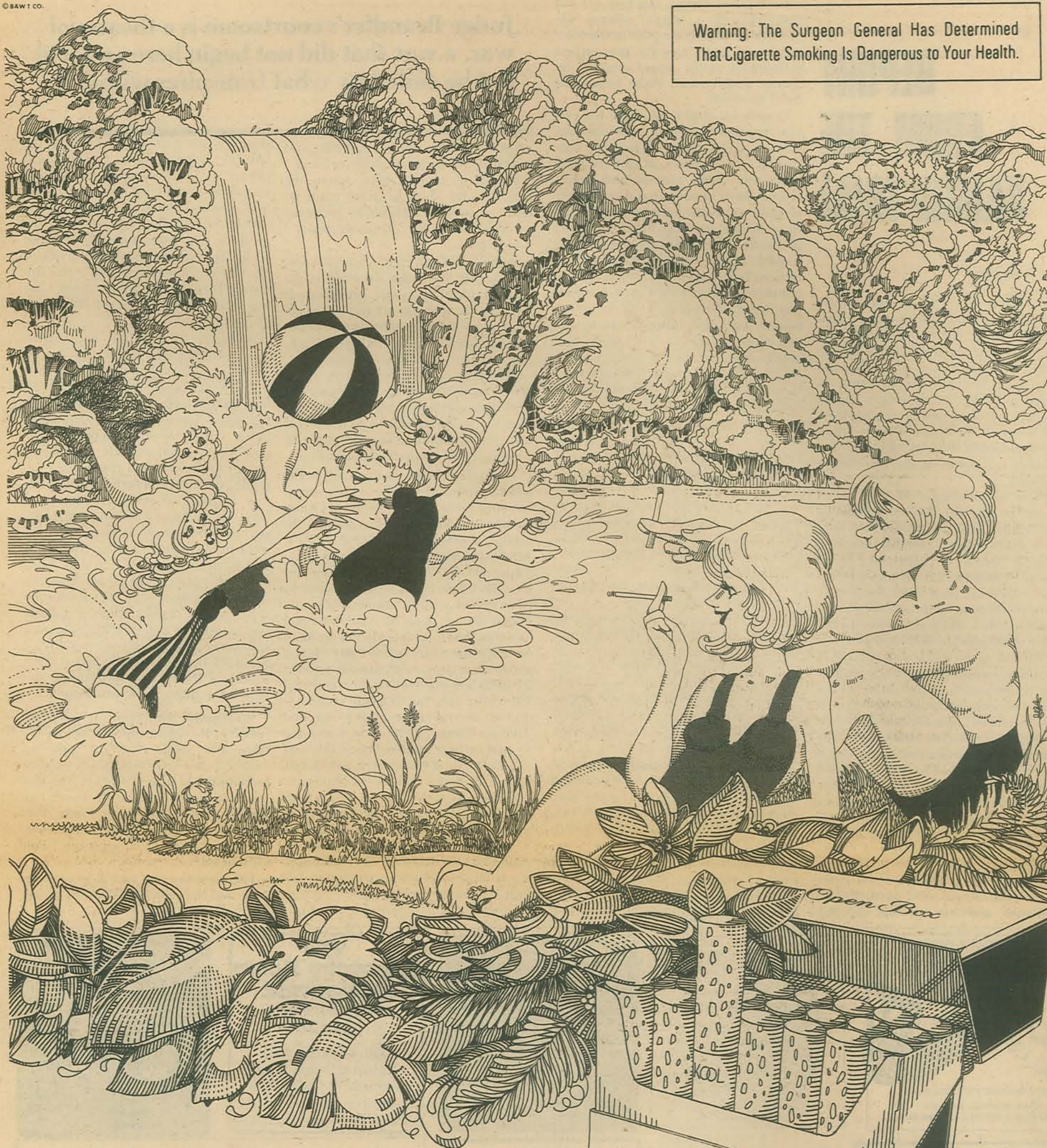
However, Russin was not KPIX's first choice for the assignment. At least two other offers were made before Russin nailed down the job. One offer went to James Topping, who, at the time the offer was made was working at CBS's KNXT in Los Angeles. Topping, now news director at WCIT in Hartford, Connecticut, told me he turned down the KPIX job "only because I was in the midst of other things and couldn't get away."

According to Schechner, Russin came to KPIX, because he "was weary of the repetitious financial hassles he was continuously involved in." Russin, for example, was never able to send reporters to Los Angeles to cover breaking news stories there. His budget at KQED varied but was never more than \$700,000 per year. At KPIX, the news budget is in excess of \$2 million. "Joe wanted the resources that commercial TV offered," Schechner told me.

"I guess this whole thing is just an experiment," Schechner summed up. "It is for me. If I'm not successful, I don't want to be obliged to change. If I couldn't do stories the way I wanted, I'd say 'okay it was an experiment and the experiment failed, goodbye.'"

"Our problem here is that the news is boring, it's tired."

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REPORT FROM THE HARRIS TRIAL

By Chuck Fager

Los Angeles — William and Emily Harris, along with their attorney Leonard Weinglass, have complained frequently about the fortress-like atmosphere of the courtroom where they are being tried here on eleven counts of armed robbery, assault with a deadly weapon and kidnapping arising from the incident in May 1974 at Mel's Sporting Goods store in Ingleside. The opening arguments in the trial began this week.

There is substance to their complaints: on the 15th floor of the boxlike LA County Criminal Court Building, the courtroom is divided into two steel encased panels of bulletproof glass nearly an inch thick. Everyone who enters is bodysearched by sheriff's deputies; and attorneys are admitted to the bar through a thick glass door in the center of the panels, which is opened by a red button on the inside wall that lights up when pressed by an armed bailiff. The courtroom is small: sitting in the front row among the spectators, I was less than three feet away from Bill Harris despite the barrier between us. The defense and prosecution teams sit at two long tables that have only a crack between them in the center. Serious-looking deputies are all around the vicinity, keeping a polite but wary eye on traffic up and down the outside corridor. The state of California is taking no chances in the case.

Weinglass has protested the courtroom precautions with particular vehemence, pointing out that the Har-

risers have no prior record, they have never tried to escape, and they are not charged with a capital offense. He draws a particular contrast to the comparatively light security precautions maintained at the recent trial of his clients' codefendant, Patty Hearst, in San Francisco.

Despite his objections, there is a certain appropriateness to the environment in which the trial is being conducted. The Harrises, in spite of their previously clean records and unlike Hearst, have steadily maintained their identity as revolutionaries and regard their current status as that of political prisoners. They want to regain their freedom not to vindicate their rights as citizens but so they can return to their efforts to overthrow the system which now has them on trial. They do not believe a "fair trial" is possible in American courts; while they are quietly and courteously making use of every opening the judicial apparatus offers to slip through its net, they are announced enemies of its structure and values.

Their defense, in other words, is an act of combat, not of legal struggle. Judge Mark Brandler's courtroom is a theater of war, a war that did not begin here, and which will not be ended by whatever transpires within it. To be a revolutionary is not a crime, but the glass panels, the wire screen above them, and the vigilante deputies mark the state's recognition of the defendants' intentions. The response may be heavy, but it is not a delusion.

It is ironic that the Harris' war, despite its reality and seriousness is not big news just now. Only two seats in the spectators' section have been kept open for the general public; the rest, some 50 in all, are reserved for members of the press. But when I was there during the jury selection, these seats were mostly empty.

There may be some excitement yet to come, but it is not likely to be provided by the principals. Many reports have already noted how the Harrises look like the typical young middle-American couple. And so they do: sitting together at the defense table, the pair seem as innocuous as anybody you might see in the student union at the Indiana University campus where they

Judge Brandler's courtroom is a theater of war, a war that did not begin here and will not be ended by what transpires within it.

went to college, except that they did not rise when Judge Brandler came in.

Brooding above them from the bench, Judge Mark Brandler made no effort to conceal his hostility to the defendants and their attorneys when I was there.

Below and to his right, chief prosecutor Samuel Mayerson slouched in his chair next to the jury box, growling out a nearly continuous stream of objections to the defense's questioning of potential jurors. Brandler almost as continuously sustained his objections.

Weinglass is clearly dubious about the chances of winning an acquittal for his clients and was methodically setting the stage for appeals on various technical grounds, above all on the issue of prejudicial pretrial publicity.

There is not likely to be much in the prosecution case to relieve the current tedium of the trial. The events from which the charges grew are familiar to almost everyone: on May 16, 1974, Bill Harris was allegedly caught shoplifting at Mel's Sporting Goods in Inglewood. Bill Harris then is said to have pulled a .38 containing cyanide-tipped bullets, but he was disarmed and the couple detained by an employee. They got away when Patty Hearst sprayed the store with bullets from a 27-shell banana clip on her carbine. Thereafter the trio allegedly commandeered several cars and kidnapped Thomas Dean Mathews of Lynwood as part of their escape. All of this was recounted in detail during the Hearst trial, including testimony by Mathews.

If there is to be any excitement, it will come during the defense presentation, when Weinglass has indicated he may put the Harrises on the stand to expound and defend their revolutionary beliefs, and he may also try to call Patty Hearst to testify. Hearst is technically still a codefendant with the Har-

rises, but she is undergoing tests at the federal Metropolitan Correctional Center in San Diego prior to sentencing in her own bank robbery conviction. She was slated to complete those tests on July 26. But late last week, this deadline was extended until October 12 by federal Judge William Orrick of SF. Orrick took over Hearst's case following the death of Judge Oliver Carter, who presided over her bank robbery trial.

Weinglass is a skillful and experienced attorney. His record of cases includes the Chicago Seven Trial, Jane Fonda's suit against the CIA and the Pentagon Papers case. But here he is fighting a lonelier and less promising battle. Patty Hearst, the repentant revolutionary, could not win over a jury in San Francisco, and it will be a difficult task for the notoriously unrepentant Harrises to win over the court here. More: there is no organized support for their case as there was for most of Weinglass's earlier trials. The Harris defense is broke and is using volunteer law students for research and investigative work. The revolution projected by the Symbionese Liberation Army has yet to attract the support or even sympathy of more than a scattered handful of radicals, so there is no base from which to organize and finance a more elaborate defense.

Weinglass, however, is yielding nothing. He told a reporter before the trial that while "certain acts occurred," they were technically short of kidnapping or armed robbery; the cars commandeered by the Harrises and Hearst that night were "only borrowed" and neither of the alleged kidnapping victims "really thought they were kidnapped."

He insists the case can be won on the facts and the evidence. Whether it can, we shall soon find out.

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Selling peace with peppermint soap

The amazing story of Dr. Emil Bronner, soapmaker, Hunza teacher, master chemist and Essene rabbi

By Chuck Fager

On March 9, 1945, a man named Fred Walcher got himself crucified. In Chicago, on the el, after dark. When the cops found him and pulled him down, bleeding and semiconscious, he wouldn't say who had nailed him up there. "I'm dying for peace," he gasped. "I'm dying for Dr. Bronner's peace plan."

Dr. Who? And his what? The police got the full name out of him: Emil Bronner, a chemist. The cops found Dr. Bronner later that night, making soap at the factory where he was research director. "Are you Bronner?" they demanded. He admitted it. "Do you have a peace plan?" He said he did. "Come with us," they barked. He came.

The crucifixion was front-page gory stuff for the Chicago Tribune, and the item was picked up by many other papers and wire services. When the reporters crowded into Walcher's

"Thank God," reads the message on the quart bottle of soap, "we ascend up from dust, trained-brave, evolving united-guided by full truth, God's law, the Moral ABC."

hospital room, flashbulbs popping and pens scratching, Bronner was there with plenty of copies of his peace plan. Walcher still declined to name his assailants; the plan was the thing. It was his reluctance to finger anybody that was news; the peace plan got only a brief, passing mention in the Trib story, and Bronner never saw it referred to anywhere else.

That was 30 years ago. Today, people are still dying for a peace plan, and Dr. Emil Bronner is still making soap and trying to get someone to pay attention to his ideas. Nowadays though, the people who usually come to him are not cops, but more likely hippies, longhaired pilgrims from the Sixties, or at least alumni of that crazy decade of agitation and celebration of the bizarre.

One of these visitors was me. I got interested in Dr. Bronner, his soap and his message the same way most people do: a friend had a bottle in her shower stall; the stuff smelled good and the label was a trip: 1,700 words on the quart size, in addition to the list of ten of the 18 ways he says you can use the stuff. (Toothpaste? Mouthwash? Douche? I don't know about the last, but the others are for real—tastes like soap, though.)

"Thank God," reads part of the message, "we ascend up from dust, trained-brave, evolving united-guided by full truth, God's law, the Moral ABC Hillel taught Jesus to unite all free! 1st perfect theyself! 2nd work hard! 3rd Win Victory, teach All-One 4 billion & overnight we're all free, All-One! For once the Moral ABC united the whole human race, East, West, border, breed & birth, unites all of God's spaceship Earth in All-One-God-Faith; then & onely then no matter how rough the trip, how high the toll, you are the captain of the ship, you are the master of the soul! Win Victory!"

This intrigued me, even if hardly anyone could manage read the whole

label in one gulp. My writer's instincts were also stimulated. There's a story in this stuff, and the man that makes it I figured; maybe more than a story.

I was right, though it took me another year to get to it. When I finally found Dr. Bronner, it was on a hot Friday night a few weeks ago, and he was sitting on the porch of the Women's Club Building in Escondido, California, a town northeast of San Diego. Surrounded by a circle of friends, employees and admirers, he had just announced virtual completion of the "final revision" of his soap label for the quart bottle. "This is a statement that's going to shake this earth," he declared in a still-noticeable German accent. "Now I want you to help me in finalizing a few of these lines. Jenny [his secretary], read me the part we were talking about."

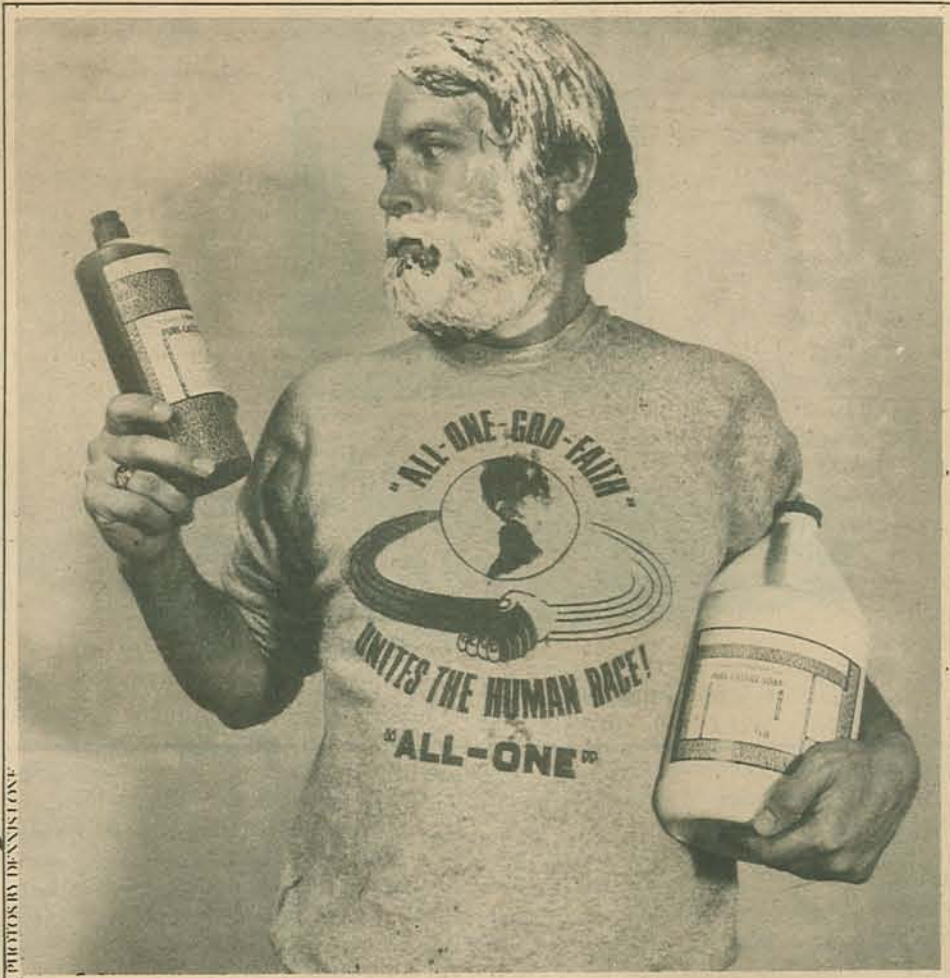
A woman on his right looked down at a paper and began to recite. Dr. Bronner leaned in her direction. He was wearing a white Nehru housecoat and brown corduroy pants. His skin is dark brown, well-cured by a thousand baths in the lambent California sun. He is nearly blind, and dark glasses with black pinprick lenses covered his eyes. Square hands, one cupped under a pointed chin, seemed too large for his thin arms.

He raised an angular finger to point out the problematic phrase. "Should I take 'lightning-like' from where it is and place it further along? (By this he meant replacing the word 'instantly' in the phrase 'instantly united the human race' with 'lightning-like'.) A few suggestions were offered, but before the issue was resolved, Bronner moved on to another difficult passage: "A human being grants friend and enemy free speech or that being is not yet human." But my pen could not keep up with his ruminations about possible variant readings.

Every Friday night, the All-One-Faith-In-God-State-Universal-Life-Church, Inc. meets at the Escondido Women's Club. This night there were only about ten people on hand, of whom several were employees and two, myself and a friend, reporters. My friend inquired and found out that the turnout was not usually this big. We also learned that the doctor had announced the "final" revision of the label not once, but many times before.

For two hours, Dr. Bronner lectured, speaking nonstop about a jumble of topics: Richard Nixon was the most courageous president we ever had; the riots and the Chicago Democratic Convention in 1968 were a production of the communists, in which the rioters provoked the police into retaliation; Watergate was a frame-up instigated by the Democrats to discredit Nixon; after World War II, communist assassins murdered 66 of the most prominent Americans who were effectively opposed to their plans of conquest. He also mentioned some new uses for his peppermint soap that have recently been discovered: he put it on a night or two earlier when mosquitos were bugging him, and they stayed away; someone also told him it relieved poison ivy and poison oak.

After the meeting, he invited us to spend the night at his place, and we followed him home, out a series of winding roads up a hill to Panorama Crest, where the street sign is topped with a larger plaque directing you to the "All-One-Faith-In-One-God-State, Inc." At the corner, Dr. Bronner hopped out of his station wagon, hung onto the door handle with one hand



Author Fager tries out one of the 18 uses of Dr. Bronner's peppermint oil soap.

and jogged the rest of the way to his house, expertly skimming over the potholes with an assurance that, for a blind man, must come from long familiarity.

Down the hill from there, in a plant that is a collection of steel storage sheds around an old stucco ranch house, his soap is bottled and shipped out, along with his instant raw vegetable soup, balanced seasoning, mineral salt and a dozen other health food products. From his hilltop redoubt, Dr. Bronner concentrates as much effort as he can on his new labels and spreading the word they contain. And he talks. Incessantly. Thirteen hours worth during the day and a half we spend with him.

"Let me show you how I bathe with the soap," he insisted when we got inside the house. It was almost midnight, everyone else was asleep, but he led us into a small bathroom, peeled off his shirt and turned on the hot water in the sink. "This saves water as well as giving your body a massage and a cleaning," he said squirting a dab of soap into the sink and swishing it around. "You just put in about a quarter ounce, not enough to make it sudsy." He dipped a towel into the hot, soapy water, wrung it out, then covered his face with the damp, steaming cloth. Then he wet and wrung it again, massaged his hair, arms, and torso "always moving toward the heart. Always toward the heart." And always he was talking, talking. He kept us up for two more hours that night.

It was hard for me to put together what I saw as the different pieces of his life—soapmaker and Essene rabbi, for openers. But he was undismayed by the apparent divergence. In fact, he insisted the next morning when we sat down in his living room, there were not merely two Dr. Bronners but four. He started enumerating and describing them, each sketch fading into a homily that was an exact duplication of something from one of his labels or leaflets. By the time we finished late that afternoon, we had talked about not four but eight Dr. Bronners, and had only come as far as 1941 in his life.

One of the most recent of these identities is among the most paradoxical: Bronner the counterculture celebrity. His son Jim, who oversees the manufacture of the soap at the Sanitek Corporation in Los Angeles, described to me how he and his brother Ralph, who lives in Milwaukee, used to get together in the early Sixties when Ralph came to visit during summer vacation, to try and come up with a new design for the soap label, something snappy and catchy, something that could get the stuff moving. "We were making about ten gallons of soap a week in 1961," Jim recalled, "and we couldn't think of some new label design that seemed to help." In 1968, though, his father negotiated a deal with a businessman to give away 100,000 bottles of the soap free in Israel, to introduce it to the Holy Land. In anticipation of that venture, he redesigned the label, changing the colors from gold and black to blue and white, the colors of the Israeli flag.

The Israel deal fell through. But the new label stuck, and soon thereafter the soap caught on—among the hippies of Haight-Ashbury. The actual beginnings are lost to history, but no doubt some recovering long-hair picked up a bottle, was turned on by the smell and the "no synthetics! None!" declaration on the label. And if he were just a little stoned maybe, the long-hair undoubtedly found endless profundity in the "All-One" philosophy

continued next page

Surrounded by a circle of friends, Dr. Bronner announced the "final revision" of his soap label for the quart bottle. "This is a statement that's going to shake this earth."



The family that bathes together stays together.

continued from previous page

of the long lines winding around the plastic container.

Anyway, word of mouth being the best form of advertising, one thing led to another. And that summer, as Dr. Bronner tells it, he had some trouble with the Food and Drug Administration over the claims he'd made for his mineral salts, and the government had seized much of his inventory. "I had some money in the bank then," he told me, "and I figured it was time to forget the business and write my books. But then one day these four longhaired gentlemen [from SF's Haight]—I can't call them hippies—showed up at the house [in Escondido], each with a hundred dollar bill, wanting to buy a drum of my soap. They had to have that soap. Then orders kept coming in the mail, and what could I do? Now I work 18 hours a day, eight running the business, and ten trying to unite the world with the moral ABC."

Despite the right wing philosophy expressed on the label and the doctor's seeming antipathy towards just about all that the counterculture stood for ("Absolute cleanliness is godliness!" insists the quart label. "We raise coward-tax-leech-slave, unless we raise all hard-working, military-trained, united, armed brave!") But maybe the disparity is only on the surface. The counterculture was always indulgent of idiosyncrasy, especially if singularity was coupled with something creative. And the soap certainly puts those two elements together.

Whatever the reason, Jim Bronner told me that for awhile after the soap sales took off in 1968 (he now sells about 150,000 gallons a year), his father frequently had a house full of footloose pilgrims from the lover generation, whom he harangued and plied with samples. That wave has passed now, but the soap is an established artifact of the culture that generation shaped. Probably a million people

"Absolute cleanliness is godliness!" insists the quart label. "We raise coward-tax-leech-slave, unless we raise all hard-working, military-trained, united, armed brave!"

use it; and the number is growing. Dr. Bronner says he has never advertised it (his son Jim is not so sure, saying that perhaps a few tiny ads were placed in health food publications some years ago). He has no sales force either. So far, his own verve has been sufficient.

But what of the previous identities Dr. Bronner told me about? He started with four: (1) Bronner the German Jewish boy, born there in 1908. His father was a wealthy soapmaker, owner of three factories. Soap had been in the family business for 60 years. (That's why the label says "Guaranteed since 1848 by Einstein-Heilbronner," which was the family's original name). He was still a boy when he was baptized into the reality of his homeland's anti-Semitism. This baptism was literal, with a font full of urine, administered by a gang of Gentile youths.

(2) Bronner the athlete, involved in German and Jewish physical culture groups, hiking, camping out, worshipping the fully-toned body. (3) Bronner the Zionist and student soapmaker. He says he leaped into the campaign for a Jewish homeland and came into conflict with his domineering father, who wanted no talk of politics in his factories. (4) Bronner the Socialist-Idealist-Soapmaker and Master Chemist. "Jewish boys are soft; they can't work with their hands," that's what they said when I was studying to be a soapmaker," Bronner muttered. As part of the Soapmaker's final examination, a candidate had to pour soap into an open wooden barrel, then seal it up by hand before the soap could leak out. But Bronner showed them; he practiced endlessly, passed his test and was the heir apparent to his father's business. But there were Nazis among the workers there and even some communists. It seems that Bronner tangled with both of them and, as a result, with his father. "If you talk about politics or religion in my plant again, you can get out!" he says his father told him. "We are here to make soap, not politics!"

Somewhere in this recitation, Dr. Bronner fetched a tape recorder from his cluttered office, slipped a cassette into it and continued telling his life story, pausing frequently to listen to the last few sentences and often taping over again if a particular anecdote was not recounted in just the right form. It was evident that much of this he had committed to memory.

He had said there were four Bronners when he began his discourse, but now he went on without pausing. Bronner Number Five was the immigrant to America and successful soapmaker here. He did not say so, but apparently

he had taken up his father's gauntlet. This Bronner also became a husband, marrying a woman who was a maid for a wealthy German family in Milwaukee. His wife, Laura, was the illegitimate daughter of a nun, who later committed suicide and left her to be adopted. Bronner says Laura was more beautiful than her adopted family's daughter and was hated for her comeliness. They had three children. "That was before there was Hitler and the hate," he said, "and I could make her happy then." It was during this period, in 1935, that he invented the peppermint oil soap, originally as a deodorizing way to wash diapers.

Bronner Number Six was unemployed and desperate. His employers laid him off in 1941, Bronner believes because of anti-Semitism. By this time, too, the world was caving in everywhere. Of his family, only his sister, who had taken his place as head of the soap plant after he emigrated, got out of Germany. Bronner helped her get to America, and she stayed with him for awhile. But she didn't approve of his wife. In her view, her brother had dishonored both his religion and his class by marrying a Catholic servant girl. Laura had a fall about his time, shortly after their third child was born, from which she never fully recovered.

Bronner blamed the sister and threw her out. Fortunately, Bronner Number Six lasted only ten days before finding another job. That was Bronner Number Seven, consultant to a big soapmaker who was working for the government war effort. He didn't tell his employer he was Jewish, and Bronner Number Eight, who soon thereafter became research director for a manufacturer in Chicago, became decidedly anti-rabbinical, after watching some bearded rabbis intoning prayers over a mixing tank and pretending to make kosher soap.

From here the story becomes harder to follow, more disrupted by the memorized soliloquies. Eventually, though, several more Bronners were outlined: Bronner the widower, whose wife became suicidal and finally died in a state hospital near Chicago. Bronner the war victim, whose parents were gassed by the Nazis. Before their deaths, his sister sent him telegrams demanding money with which to buy their parents' release. "But I couldn't do it." The last thing he heard from his parents was a six-word postcard from the concentration camp. It read: "You were right. Your loving father."

Bronner had by this time developed the early versions of his peace plan. It proposed a United States of the World with a world congress composed of one representative for each million people. He printed up copies and passed them out at meetings and lectures. Presumably this was how Fred Walcher got hold of it. After Walcher's crucifixion, Bronner pursued his attempts to publicize the plan at International Center of the University of Chicago. But there he got into trouble by demanding the right to address public meetings. It seems clear that the university authorities were not impressed with him or his plan. One afternoon in March 1946, he was in the director's office at International House, trying to get permission to speak to a meeting there about his plan, when two policemen came in and told him that his car was illegally parked and asked him to come with them. "I told them to wait half an hour," he recalled. "There I was trying to unite the world with a real peace plan and they want me to come to the station with them because my car is parked wrong. Holy man! And when we did go outside I could see that my car was parked fine. It was a setup, a trap."

So it seemed. Bronner was jailed, and a week later, with his sister's signature on the papers, committed to the state hospital at Elgin. There, he says he ended up in solitary confinement, sleeping at night tied to a bare concrete

slab and tortured with 20 shock treatments.

This was another identity, Bronner the concentration camp inmate. In his mind, psychiatrists and their hospitals are one with Nazis and communist murderers. He has since bought and given away 60,000 copies of a *Reader's Digest* article about how innocent people get put away in mental hospitals for no reason. He was released once, but, when he then tried to have his sister's attorney disbarred, was soon recommitted. During the second stretch, he escaped three times and was caught twice. The third time, in September 1947, he managed to get out of Illinois and ended up in Los Angeles.

Bronner made the rounds of soap companies in the city without success. "He was known in the industry as a brilliant chemist," Jim Bronner told me. "But his Chicago story had preceded him, and nobody would hire him." Dr. Bronner tells of sleeping on the roof of the YMCA for awhile. Eventually, he started his own business, making and selling his mineral salt to health food stores. He was making his soap then too, but it wasn't moving well. He took over the bottom two floors of a wino hotel for the operation and spent as much time at meetings of conservative and health food speakers, distributing his religious pamphlets and literature, as he did working.

He stayed in LA until 1963, when his business had grown enough to enable him to move to Escondido. "Do you know why I picked Escondido?" he asked me at one point. I didn't know. "Because the biggest avocado packing plant in the world is here, and when you eat them with my mineral salt, avocado is almost perfect nutrition." Sure enough, the Catavo avocado plant is right across the street from his own. "I wanted them to work together with us, sell the mineral salt with the avocados right on the supermarket shelves. But they wouldn't do it, I don't know why." Dr. Bronner has often had difficulty getting people to work with him.

These years accounted for several more of the many Bronner identities, Bronner the antifluoridation crusader has been one of the most successful. He claims to have stopped fluoridation in a half-dozen cities, and has printed reproductions of congratulatory telegrams from several of them to back him up. In 1962 he visited Germany. On the way, he stopped off in New York City and spent a month holed up in a hotel and telephoned up every one of the Big Apple's 600-plus rabbis, to question them about Hillel's Moral ABC and ask for the chance to speak to their congregations. He got many different versions of Hillel, but only one kind of response to his request for time, 600-plus refusals that varied only in tone and courtesy.

While in Germany, he did manage to speak to a temple, to a group of young people who were training to spend time on a kibbutz. When he finished, he says, more than ten of them stood up and said, "You are our rabbi, you have taught us much!" That is how Emil Bronner became a rabbi.

Today he has become Bronner the boss, with a successful business and troubles with the Internal Revenue Service to prove it. He is also Bronner the increasingly frustrated old man, desperate to gain an audience for his ideas and largely unable to do so outside of his soap labels. Perhaps that is why he revises them so often, holding up shipping while he throws out thousands of already-printed ones, agonizing over the rewording of the tiny print, then exultantly announcing, as he has time and again, that the new one is the final, ultimate version. By the time this article is published the latest such version should be just off the presses and being glued onto the first bottles. But by that time, too, there may well be yet another final version taking shape.

We left Escondido the next day, loaded down with free samples of soap, soup and salt, along with stacks of lit-

erature (one copy was never enough). But that wasn't the end of our encounter. Two days after our return home, the phone rang in my study. I picked it up, and his secretary's voice said, "Stand by for Dr. Bronner." Then he came on, talking as fast as ever: "Chuck, there isn't much time! I want you to go to Modesto. Find Walcher's house there, it's on Hatch Road."

After Walcher's crucifixion, Bronner didn't see Walcher again until he was in Los Angeles, penniless and with few possibilities for making any money. Then, miraculously he believes, he ran into Walcher one day while crossing the street. Walcher loaned him \$600,

"If you talk about politics or religion in my plant again, you can get out!"
Dr. Bronner's father told him. "We are here to make soap, not politics!"

enough to get started with his mineral salt. Walcher later settled in Modesto, worked as a mason and died sometime during the early Sixties. Then last January, in a conversation with a woman from Modesto who had once refused Walcher's proposal for marriage, Bronner says he realized in a flash that the Chicago crucifixion was not just an isolated act.

"Fred Walcher was the second coming of Christ! Holy man! The woman didn't believe it. She said 'In my Bible, it says that when Jesus returns it will be as a king, and the earth will shake and the clouds rise to heaven.' But that was it! When Fred Walcher was crucified, the earth shook and the clouds rose to heaven!" (He wasn't, it turned out, referring to the thundering of the el trains overhead or the smoke from the Windy City's factories; he meant the atom bomb, which was first detonated a few months later in New Mexico. The interval was of no consequence to his interpretation.) "I want to find that house," he shouted. "I want to buy it, to make it a shrine for the All-One-

God-Faith. Go to Modesto, Chuck! Find it!"

He didn't wait for me to reply. "And there are some other things that should go in your article, that are more important than anything about Bronner. I don't have much time. They murdered so many of the real peace-loving American patriots, Forrestal, Stettinius, Liebman, and who knows maybe Bronner? But there are six of my inventions that need patent protection. Help me get it, Chuck. I don't want any money for me from them, it's all for the church, for mankind. There's the Essene birth control [a device employing citrus juice in a suppository which he says would lower the pH in a woman's vagina to the point where conception would be impossible for 24 hours—or, as he puts it, "24 orgasms, which ever comes first"]. And the instant CO₂ firebombers for stopping forest fires. [He has a design for adapting carbon dioxide fire extinguishers so they could be built into the hundreds of mothballed Air Force bombers and used to stop forest fires; in cities he says helicopters could be loaded with tanks of it dispensed with hoses against smaller blazes.] And two billion windpower generators to charge 96 billion batteries, they can run all the factories and homes in the country. Chuck, America has 6% of the world's people but it uses up 35% of the fuel. No wonder we're hated around the world. Holy man! With these windpower plants we can run everything and only use 6% of the fuel. Then we can bring peace and unite this world with the Moral ABC!"

The other "inventions" weren't really his, except for the mineral salt, which he insists contains the right mineral balance to eliminate tooth decay naturally.

And not only does he not have much time, he explained, but the world doesn't either. Halley's comet is due back in 1986. Dr. Bronner is convinced that the comet is a spaceship directed by advanced humane ("that's not 'human'" he insisted to me, and spelled it out to make sure I had it right) beings in the orbit of either Sirius or Alpha Centauri who are monitoring our planet's progress toward "Full-truth" compliance with God's laws. Since we have been breaking these laws rampantly and shamelessly, the comet has been coming closer during each pass since 1682. In 1986, or at the latest 2062 when it returns again, Bronner is afraid it will collide with

our planet and the resulting "supernova" explosion will be a final sign of God's judgment on us, visible to the whole watching universe.

"I drove myself blind working to get this message out," Bronner said. "And maybe I talk too much. But when you know what I know, it's hard to be quiet." In another moment, he hung up.

It is hard to get Emil Bronner, Essene Rabbi, Soapmaker, Master Chemist and Hunza Teacher, out of my mind. Most of his concrete political judgments are patently fantastic. And his personal style is guaranteed to keep people from taking his ideas seriously; he had to wait for a generation of young people who were determined to explore the irrational before he could even sell soap.

Yet undeniably, as his son Jim said, "He's a brilliant man. Many of his ideas have been way ahead of their time, and maybe some still are." And his life story is like a prism, refracting the dark colors of the last half century into a searingly bright spectrum of person-

"I drove myself blind working to get this message out,"
Bronner said. "And maybe I talk too much. But when you know what I know, it's hard to be quiet."

al experience. If he had been able to communicate better, if he had been listened to before, he could have contributed much more to the world than a fine soap with a unique label. Much more.

No, Doctor Bronner, I haven't been to Modesto yet. I don't know if I can find Fred Walcher's house. But I'm going to go. Holy man! Yes I am.

CROSSING THE LINE

Chuck Fager requested that the following statement be printed along with his article:

The difficult thing about this strike for me as a freelance contributor is that I agree with both sides: on the one hand, the strikers are right to want better working conditions. They don't get paid enough; there is little job security and no reliable way of handling grievances. On the other hand, publisher Bruce Brugmann is right to want to retain as much editorial freedom and flexibility as he can. The Guardian's considerable journalistic reputation is due in large part to his character and drive. A publisher with decent politics and journalistic integrity is a rare bird; and with all his real faults, the Guardian's publisher belongs to that singular species.

I expressed this double-edged outlook first by respecting the union's picket line for almost a month. Now I have crossed the line and offered the paper some freelance articles. This move was not an easy one. Three years ago I was president of a union that successfully

struck The Phoenix, an alternative weekly in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Crossing picket lines is not my usual style. But doing so now accurately reflects the other side of my attitude about the strike: the Guardian deserves to be changed for the better; but its management is not my enemy.

Crossing the line has not altered my estimate of the situation. The strike can be settled if Bruce and the unions will get off their polarized outlooks, sit down to serious bargaining and stick with it until an acceptable compromise is hammered out. I urge both sides to get on with this process. There is still a good chance for the Guardian to become the first alternative paper with an AFL-CIO contract—a contract, incidentally, not designed to squeeze out freelancers like myself. This would be a distinction of which both unions and management could be proud, one characteristic of the Guardian at its best. —Chuck Fager

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The names in the above testimonies have been changed for the protection of the individuals.

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The new

Poetry around the San Francisco Bay is alive and speaking with many voices. The word "renaissance" is often heard to describe the current poetry scene, and maybe one is indeed on the way. If it does come to pass, the rough beast will surely issue forth from the many fine small presses around these parts. This year when the National Endowment for the Arts distributed a total of \$345,000 to small presses across the country, nearly 30% of the grants (33 of 112) went to presses in Northern California.

By Don McClelland

Below are reviews of a few of the dozens of newly issued poetry titles from local presses. The books are available from the presses or from local shops such as Cody's and Serendipity in Berkeley, City Lights and Paperback Traffic in San Francisco and Kepler's in Menlo Park. The selection of titles to review could have involved a juggling act involving ethnic, sexual and geographic criteria. And maybe it did, unconsciously. But consciously your reviewer settled, comfortably, for the time-tested criterion of Emily Dickinson: "Does the top of my head come off as I read?" A little? A lot? There were many hair-raisingly beautiful books to consider. To all their authors and publishers go our thanks and admiration.

Julia Vose, *Moved Out on the Inside*, The Figures Press, Berkeley. Distributed by Serendipity Books, 1790 Shattuck, Berkeley 94709.

The poems of Julia Vose are as noisy as lunchtime at Zim's. Not with friendly chatter though, but with the sounds of cannibalism, of America consuming its women and children. Vose is central to the drama in these intensely personal poems, and her voice lends them its sustaining tone. Sometimes it's jerky, querulous, as in the poems where domestic hassles seem to dismantle her brain, such as "Outs:" "To Safeway she wore her midnight blue nylon skirt with glow-on giraffes grazing in metal trees... Darling Egg Man, I shall make a smile with you.... (They found her lying on the cheap bread, listening to the air go out.)" Or "Two Grievances before a Death:" "Back in to make herb bread with a straight face... I eat with the men and just for myself I pour wine down on my breasts three times through my dress."

Vose writes of this dismantling of self paralleled with situations where social pressures and pervasive chauvinism threaten to eat up the lives of those trapped under them. The "I" in her poems can reveal its disenchantment, pique and craziness because it's a powerful person with a great sense of

humor. In "YESZZ BOSS" she says, "daughter, daughter, I tell myself you have grown an ugly cackle." Vose can be distanced from the flaws of her persona, but this humor shouldn't be confused with the "good sport" role so many women are asked to play. She may bear, and grin, but it just might come out the terrible smile of a maenad as in "I'd Like to Make a Movie," where, reacting to the raw deal that Noah Cross's daughter got in *Chinatown*, Vose says, "JESUS! I'd like to make this movie where the daughter would blast his balls off & the private eye our hero would wash the mess off the streets so she could walk out of her history."

Vose expands the meanings of her book's title throughout its pages. She is tough. She lives on through her sometimes rugged history, moving out and on now on the inside, now on the outside. In a beautiful "letter" to Anne Sexton she laments Sexton's building a career on the poetic anguish of her life: "It takes a lot of guts to cut it out for a while / just ride on the planet you know quit writing or quit / bleeding yourself so you can quit being tired quit wanting / to drown or eat your children." Maybe what is jerky and querulous and disjointed in these poems are the ragged ends of a female attempt to get close to, within, around the man and maleness of the world. That same sensibility lets Vose bring to the poems a receptivity, warmth, and balance. A very fine read.

Gino Clays Sky, *Jonquil Rose (Just One More Cowboy)*, Five Trees Press, San Francisco. Illustrations by Jaime Robles.

This is a spirited book of stories that sing like poems and poems that canter like a cowboy. Sky comes on hip-troubadour, a poet who just rode in from the Big Sky country to sing us some plaintive songs. Troubadour poets hereabouts don't need a license from City Hall, but they'd better have one from some Higher Powers. So the poet recounts how he got his OK through the miracle tale-telling of the Mormon Church in "The Complete

Trombone History of Mankind:" "I slowly began to realize that all you had to do to make a story become a miracle was to tell it in church laced with pipe organ music, light shining through stained glass, two women crying, a Sinner on his knees, and beautiful flowers hanging in wicker baskets. And then all dreams, visions, and good old bullshit become the golden voice of truth."

Sky's performance was a show-stopping trombone solo aided and abetted by a gallon of bubble soap in the bell of the horn. First, "I said a short, airmail, special-delivery prayer to my super hero, the COWBOY BUDDHA." Well after this, the act really got into gear, and before the assembled faithful, Sky blew enough bubble-vision miracles to delight me and to get him chased out of town, headed for Cheyenne. It's a sad, familiar story in show biz, and he tells it with gusto.

Several poems read like down-home recipes from the *Cookbook of Life*: — For curing the blues when their repeat visits are getting to be a drag, "Wash my face with cold water, and find Venus hanging around the moon. Build a good whiskey fire, and hold it like a small bird too young to fly. And then crawl into a warm bed and find the softest person around — a grizzly, my mother's old coat, an old lover that ain't." — and a dissertation on what wine in what crystal for what guests, "First Choice: GOOD WINE AND FINE CRYSTAL / I tried this once before / but all of my good friends / stopped speaking to me, and a lot of bankers / started hanging around." (The poem runs through the permutations, to Killer Wine & Plastic Cups).

Sky mixes Country & Western tenderness with hip conundrums and lets us in on some illuminations, as in "The Grace:" "The first time / I made love on a waterbed / I was stoned inside a velvet tornado / and a long way from home... I just felt good / like a drunken cowpoet / riding herd with wings on my feet / trying to roll / a peanut butter and jelly sonnet / with one hand."

Jonquil Rose is flashes of the cowboy poet's autobiography packed with enough wisdom, lies and hallucinations to make it necessary reading for any campfire.

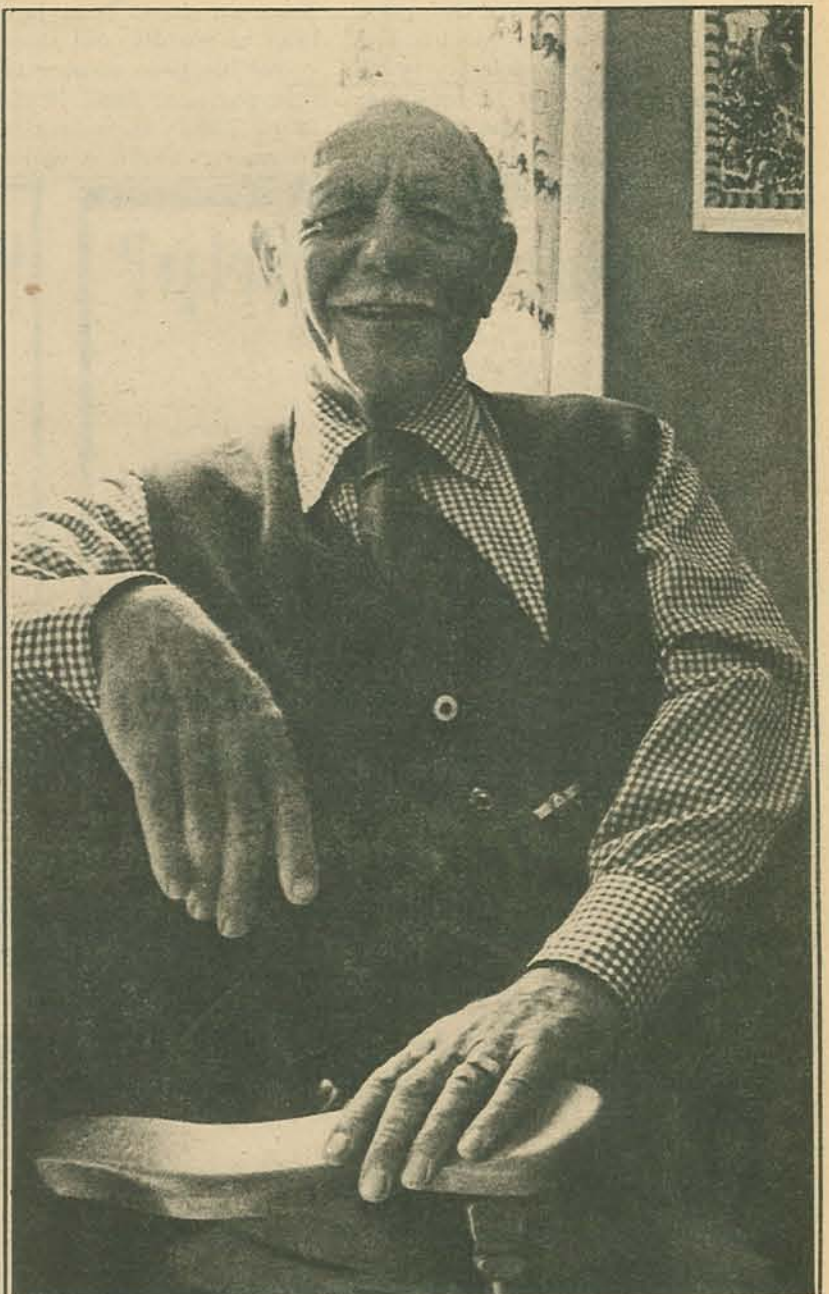
Ntosake Shange, *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide / When The Rainbow Is Enuf*, Shameless Hussy Press, Box 424, San Lorenzo.

The past is distilled and the future shimmers and the intense present is lived top to toes in this book. I don't know whether irony has the same name in Shange's talk — or whether it undergoes a red shift from the speed — but irony, mostly light and delightful, is here. The subjects may be heavy, but the irony pouts and glitters, as in her poem about "the passion flower of southwest los angeles" who, "orange butterflies & aqua sequins / ensconced tween slight bosoms / silk roses dartin from behind her ears / the passion flower of southwest / los angeles meandered down hoover street." All that glitters may be gold and sequins, but they have edges of steel that can cut both ways. Dancing on the tightrope of her prime youth, the passion flower is "writing the account of her exploit / in a diary embroidered / with lilies & moonstones, she placed / the rose behind her ear / & cried herself to sleep."

The characters in her diary are from the streets of L.A.

and San Francisco, where it's either hot or dark or both. Everybody's an artist — they're onstage, and the poems chronicle their performances, sometimes gut-wrenchingly honest, sometimes jive bullshit. The reader gets Shange's intimate asides too, a sideband of comment on the poet and dancer, always in tight, onstage with everybody else. To a poet friend, "i wanna love you like i dance / when i hurt i'm gettin better," and "the poet signed his name to lines eclipsin reality." Or we overhear her monologue on some ripped-off baubles and tacky skirts: "this is a woman's trip & i need my stuff to ooh & ah abt / daddy: got a mainline number from my own shit."

Shange possesses the elemental subjects of her poems with the ferocity of a child. Sisters, lovers, family, self. Robert Frost said he had a lover's quarrel with the world, and in another age and tempo so does Shange. She has a wonderful eroticism going with subjects and selves, making love of life of love. In "Chicago in SF," what she reflects on may be a night of lovemaking after listening to the Chicago Art Ensemble. Or it may be an incantation of the correlates of those feelings — "sweat... melody on the loose... it was colored waz truth waz gotta rhythm like you feel to me," — that exists as its own song to love and music and is a recipe of rhythms useful for seeing them through.



Charles Keppel

upbeat poetry

Shange has a precise eye, a good ear and a voice that can run true through its modulations. And she trusts them, so lets them go. They make her book a trip. The Shameless Hussy Press also has for rent or purchase a videotape of Shange reading, and dancing with Paula Moss.

Lewis MacAdams, *News From Niman Farm*, Tombouctou Books, Box 26S, Bolinas.

MacAdams' book is written about High Times; although those times may be bitter, or frightening, or awesome, or tender (and that all comes through too), the poet is always high on his writing and living them. He shows his aspects of wiseass, man of letters, lover, shitkicker, family man. He speaks *with* us, friendly and low key on subjects cosmic and mundane. In the title section he places himself, feeling sexy in his loft, his barn, in Bolinas. Why? Well, pigs, for one: a story of the tribulations of 750-pound Marilyn, so big she can scare a body just by being friendly, and Big Mike, the future sire of the Niman herd, going through on-the-job training, you understand.

For a little of the cosmic, the book is dedicated to Sophia, who in lunar circles is the goddess of love and wisdom, and who on earth may have a personification around Bolinas, to whom much of the book is addressed in intimate frag-

ments and as part of the relaxed conversational tone of the whole. "You told me I was a journalist," the poet tells her, surprised of course she's right.

The news from Niman Farm is the wonder and surprise that things are turning up peaches, but mainly, contentedly, turning up. As do each of the books in this review, it depends on its resident voice to bring through its full power. Reading it aloud is the best way to let that happen. Subvocalizing will help some. And a glass of beer. Skoal!

Some other noteworthy books:

Hunce Voelcker, *Within the Rose*. Panjandrum Press, San Francisco.

Adriano Spatola, *maja-kovskiiiiij* (translated by Paul Vangelisti); John Thomas, *Epopoeia and the Decay of Satire*. Red Hill Press, Fairfax.

Stan Rice, *Some Lamb*; David Benedetti, *Nictitating Membrane*. The Figures Press, Berkeley.

Clark Coolidge, *Polaroid*; Bill Berkson, *Enigma Variations*. Big Sky Press, Bolinas.

Paul Vangelisti, *Pearl Harbor*. Isthmus Press, San Francisco.

Terry Clarke, *The Englewood Papers*, drawings by Cathleen Daly, published by Dustbooks, P.O. Box 1056, Paradise, CA 95969.

Sid Gershoren, *Negative Space*. The Red Hill Press, Fairfax.

Carmen Miranda

Backstage, eating bananas with Carmen Miranda, she offers me her hat. I thank her and take a bunch of purple grapes, 3 hardboiled eggs, a muskmelon, and four ears of corn. She says, Frank,

it wasn't always this way. There were lean years in Madrid, Marseilles, Cuernavaca, when dancing didn't pay and my dear hats went unrefrigerated . . . fruit can be expensive to a poor girl. Anyway, I danced as best I could with pears, beans, and tangerines shaped from wax or wood, but it wasn't the same. You know what they say about hearts that wear a false face and vice versa . . . why go into it? It's enough to say I suffered to dance with no hat at all. Better that than a cheap imitation! Darling, try a quince. Persimmon? Have a kumquat! But the disgrace of those days forced me to sing as an escape. And now my hats and I sing and dance and do well. Oh, there are times I feel all this fruit-salad is, well, ridiculous; but it's the thing I do best, if you know what I mean?

Before I left, I kissed her on the cheek and said, I'm no spokesman but I think we'll always love you for it . . . And back on the streets that night, I split the sky with cherry pits.

— Frank Polite

My Own Impression

I want a language
Structured like my body
But what I'm given
Is straight up and down words
So I sit on them
In order to
Make
My own
Impression.

— Stephanie Mines

Wheat Country Ecologue

After the little Fair and Rodeo up the road a piece,
Where I admired sheafs of their six kinds of wheat,
Arrogantly rejected fifteen paintings at a glance,
But liked the freshness of the sixteenth,
And watched half a dozen Brahma steers
Toss off their cowboys in nothing flat,
I dropped down to the deserted village for refreshment.

The name Moro hints at South Sea Island enchantments—
And truly from the wheat fields its locust groves
Look inviting. But close up—
On a hot day like this, at any rate—
It seemed a veritable sweaty crotch
In the endless undulations of Sherman County.

I shall never know the scenarios of Moro lives.
The little I will take with me
Is scarcely worth mentioning:
My wonder why the girl in pale blue
Behind the counter
Of the "No Bare Feet and Chests" cafe
Was so persistently unsmiling,
And how the mother
Of the young service-station attendant
Came to call him Virgil. . . .

This is a pity, for in my smart-aleck ignorance,
I tend to be summary and dismissive.
How chastening it would be to see what incandescence
And Edgar Lee Masters, say, or a Thornton Wilder,
Could rake out of these gray ashes.

Vale, Moro!

— Charles Keppel

Land Fever

I would buy a tree, a rock, a square inch
something, some dash on the vector
from Hell to the Moon
where it passes through the skin of California
a spot, a point
to drive a tent peg in,
hang my gondola,
spread the checkered tablecloth
I CLAIM THIS SHADOW
for the sovereign state of ecstasy
FEED ME LAND
and I will smite the rock and find the Cabernet.

— Don McClelland

Kali at the party

Kali, the black goddess of destruction,
is widely worshipped as one aspect of
the Divine Mother.

at my housewarming party
my friend brought me a picture of Kali.
now she watches from over my bed. I
talk to her. mother, I say, do it,
do it quickly. at night
she answers. she speaks
through the wind.

at my housewarming party
people thought my brother
was my ex-husband, thought my ex-husband
was at the wrong party.
I thought my ex-husband was Kali. he
didn't say.

faith comes and goes
like television.

Doris Day stamps her
foot and tells her pet skunk,
never get too independent.
you might want to answer the door
when your man comes.
the skunk listens
and has babies.

dark comes so quickly
in the summer. over a garden
sound carries slowly.

oh mother, oh dark
goddess, set me free.

I prop myself up
with wind. I lean on leaves.
Kali, dark mother, shakes
her skulls and smiles.
at my housewarming party
I drank wine
I smoked dope
I did not eat. I watched people
turn into who they were.
they stood beautiful
i n t h e i r o
in their own lights
and talked about movies.
at my housewarming party I fell in love
with lights. when everybody left
I went to bed
and talked to Kali.

at the movies
the lights go out
and all the other lights come on.

Kali watches television
and laughs. Kali goes to parties
and eats jello salad.
Kali goes to the movies
and eats the screen. Kali
is always hungry. I
will feed you, goddess. I offer you
what I do not need.
Kali eats me.
I am still here. at least
people still talk to me.

Ramakrishna loves Kali. he weeps with joy
when she speaks. Ramakrishna
comes to my party. he blesses
the jello salad. he goes into my bedroom
with his dark goddess. they're in there
a long time.
some people know how to have a good time
at a party.

I want
to go into my bedroom with
someone. no one's here.
Ramakrishna's left. Kali
is in the refrigerator. my son
has flipped out. my daughter's hiding. my
ex-husband is Krishna but
doesn't know it.
my friends are drunk. Ram Dass
is laughing in Vermont.
Edgar Allan Poe is busy with a truck driver
in Maryland. my sisters
have gone for Chinese food.
my man
hasn't been born yet.
goddess of destruction,
what is left for you?

Ramakrishna sees the cocktail sandwiches
and goes into samadhi.
my friends think he's drunk
and nicely look away. The Rolling Stones sing
and Ramakrishna cries
goddess, I hear you,
speak again.
everyone dances.

Doris Day stamps her foot, and
Ramakrishna hails her. offers her
the jello salad.
everyone dances. I stand
in the garden,
listen to the sounds
of time stopping
and starting. somewhere
I am dancing.

— Rebecca Radner

continued on page 16



Rebecca Radner

PHOTOS BY CHARLY FRANKLIN

DAY AND

Day by Day

By Zena Jones

Deadline for next week's calendar is noon on Friday, July 16. ► indicates free events.

Friday, 16th

DON'T LET THINGS GO OFF without a Hitch, see two Alfred Hitchcock mystery gems—Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine in "Rebecca" and Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman in "Notorious." "Rebecca" at 8 pm, "Notorious" 6 & 10:20 pm; Sat/Sun, "Rebecca" 3:40 & 8 pm; "Notorious" 1:40, 6 & 10:20 pm. Gateway Cinema, 215 Jackson St., SF, 421-3353. \$3/\$2 with discount card.

BARD BY THE BAY brings you "The Tempest" tonight at 8:30 pm; "Hamlet" Sat. at 2 and 8:30 pm; "The Tempest" Thur. 7/22 at 8:30 pm; "Hamlet" Fri. 7/23 at 8:30 pm; "The Tempest" Sat. 7/24 at 2 and 8:30 pm. The Palace of Fine Arts, Bay/Lyon Sts., SF. \$5 gen., \$4 children and students with ID, Sat. matinees \$4 and \$3, forsooth.

THIS KIRLIAN PHOTOGRAPHIC Exhibit lens itself to focusing on the normally unseen psychological emanation from plants and people. By Matthew Wood and at The Philosopher's Stone Bookstore, 24th/Church, SF.

IT BEHOOVES YOU to give rein to your equestrian fancies and take this nature ride on horseback along the Pacific coastal range in Tilden Regional Park, Oakland-Berkeley hills. 10 am to 12:30 pm, call 525-2233 for reservations, \$8 rental.

► **TO COME TO THE POINT**, visit the Transamerica Pyramid's 8th floor and Loeb Rhoades Market Hours Gallery for a photographic exhibit by Mark Chester. Through Aug. 9, free.

NO RHYME OR REASON you should by averse to listening to poets Renny Pritikin, Ann Valley Fox, Beau Beausoleil, Julia Vose and others at 8 pm, 80 Langton St., SF, 864-9244, \$1.

DON'T STOP, FORGET CAUTION, and go see "Signals," written by John O'Brien and the company. The play deals with male roles, myths and realities. Fri/Sun 8 pm, Sat. 7:10 & 10 pm, Bear Republic Theater, Barn Theater, corner of Bay and High, Santa Cruz. (408) 429-4001 or 425-1735, \$3.50 gen., \$2.50 students and seniors.

► **A FIRING LINE** of five Bernal Heights artists working in clay are having a show of raku, stoneware and primitive fired objects at the Nanny Goat Hill Cooperative Gallery, 3205 Folsom, nr. Precita, SF. Fri to Sun 12-5 pm, thru Aug. 1, free.

► **GOT DESIGNS ON ANYTHING?** So have Jack Byers, Regina Cafe, Jeannie Davidson and Linda Fisher—an exhibition of costume designs for productions at Oregon Shakespeare Festival (Ashland), Pacific Conservatory of the Arts (Santa Maria), SF State and San Jose City College with related books, engravings, posters and programs. Castro Drama Books, 3886 17th St., SF, thru Sept. 7. **THE REIGN WAS MEIGNLY TOO PLEIGN?** So "Exit the King," Eugene Ionesco's play, is being performed today and tomorrow by the Bolinas Company, 8:30 pm, at New College of California, 777 Valencia (bet. 19th & 20th St.), SF, \$3/2.50 students.

ATTENTION ALL HEELS—clickers that is. Rosa Montoya, renowned Spanish flamenco dancer, will present a special solo concert tonight and tomorrow night at 8:15 pm, Shawl-Anderson Modern Dance Center, 2704 Alcatraz Ave., Berk., 654-5921, \$4 at door.

HOT ITEM! The film "Burn," starring Marlon Brando, will be shown at a benefit to help the United Prisoners Union in its program of providing free transportation to the families of prisoners who want to visit their relatives in jail. 8 pm tonight at St.

Mark's Church, 2314 Bancroft Way, Berk., 8 pm 7/17 at United Mission Church, 23rd St./Capp, SF. Childcare provided. \$2.

A FAR-OUT FOURSOME—"Red Cross," "The Director," "The Electric Chair" and Elaine's Piece"—presented tonight and Sat. at 8 pm by the New Theatre Company of Marin Inc., an exciting new company making its SF debut. Appearing at the Intersection, 756 Union St., SF, call Dennis Lamour at 662-2105 for further info. \$3 at the door.

Saturday, 17th

IF YOU WANT "The Time of Your Life," it's at The Barbary Coast Wed. thru Sat. at 8:30 pm and performed by The Time of Your Life Theatre Group. Seating is limited, so call 474-6562 for reservations at The Barbary Coast, corner of Pacific and Montgomery, Wed and Thurs. \$3.50, Fri. and Sat. \$4.50.

► **WE ALL JUGGLE OUR BIRTH—DAYS, BUT STREET ENTERTAINER!** juggler Ray Jason wants the whole world to know it's his fifth anniversary as a street entertainer, so he's taken over Ghirardelli Square from 9 pm to midnight. He's already invited Toad the Mime, Medicine Ball Band, Bob Hartman, Scott Beach, Steve Seskin, Noel Parenti, Devi Baptiste, H.P. Lovecraft, and he wants YOU! The champagne's on ice, the frosting's on the cake, and it's FREE!!! (Bring a blanket to sit on!)

BART THEY'RE NOT, BUT THESE Movies are really underground. Two classics, "Pink Flamingos" and "Female Trouble" will be shown tonight. "Flamingos" at 8 and 11 pm, "Female" at 9 pm, at Wheeler Auditorium, UC Berkeley, 642-1111, \$2.

NOTHING SHADY ABOUT THIS SHADOW PLAY WORKSHOP EVERY Saturday from 9:30-12 noon. Shadow play is a popular Chinese folk art that dates back over 1,000 years and uses colorful parchment figures to enact tales from the Chinese theater. Chinese Culture Foundation of SF, 750 Kearny St., SF. 986-1822, \$12.

MAYBE IT'S OLD STUFF BY NOW, but see it anyway at the Antique and Collectors' Show. Tickets may be exchanged for 10% discount on any item purchased under \$50. Free plants to the first 500 people and free parking. 10 am to 6 pm today and tomorrow, Cow Palace, Geneva & Santos, SF, \$2.

PORNO PLETHORA! All-time great erotic underground movies including "Fireworks," (Kenneth Anger), Scott Bartlett's "Lovemaking," ss Willard Maas's "The Mechanics of Love," Carl Linder's "Vampira," Drs. P. & E. Kronhausen's "Psychomontage," etc. etc. Call the Midnight Movies at 921-2931 for full program. Doors open 11:50 pm, Presidio Theatre, 2340 Chestnut St., SF, \$1.75.

THE BERKELEY OUTREACH RECREATION Program, which does so much to meet the special needs of the physically disabled, is having a cookout in Golden Gate Park. They're leaving in the afternoon and will cook dinner there. For full details call 841-4776, ext. 34.

GIVE IT A FAIR SHAKE at the Middle Eastern party and show up tonight and tomorrow night—Arabic and Persian music, singing, entertaining and belly dancing. 8:30 pm, Intersection, 756 Union St., SF, 397-6061, \$2.

YOU DIG? The Primitive Arts Institute will be held at the group camp in Malakoff Diggins State Park. It offers interrelated courses which focus on original and ancient arts and crafts techniques and which stress the use of indigenous and found materials. Samples: spinning, weaving, soapstone carving, burnished pottery and three-dimensional design. Registration deadline 7/24, so call for info (916)273-1512. \$24.

IS IT A BIRD? IS IT A PLANE? See Bryan Hunt's sculptures, fabri-

cated of colored silk stretched over wood structures, resembling dirigibles, and decide for yourself. An end point of these rigid forms is screwed directly into the wall, above eye level at a height of about eight feet. Projecting into the space for five to six feet, these sculptures create an illusion of being lighter than air and a vision of mass in space. 10:30 am to 5:30 pm, Tues.-Sat., Daniel Weinberg Gallery, 2140 Bush St., SF. Free.

Sunday, 18th

WHY DON'T YOU HEAR ME WHEN I'm not talking? If you have problems communicating, the SF Jewish Community Center will explore the ways we tend to turn other people on or off. 10 am to 4:30 pm, 3200 California St., SF, 346-6040, \$15; \$10 members/students.

DEUTSCHLAND IS CERTAINLY UBER ALLES in this program of two legendary classics running Sun. thru Tues. Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel" (Sun 4:15 and 8 pm, Mon/Tues. 8 pm) and Lotte Lenya in Threepenny Opera (Sun. 2:30, 6 & 9:40 pm, Mon/Tues. 6 & 8:40 pm). Richelieu Cinema, 1075 Geary, SF. Gen. adm. \$3, discount card \$2.

IT'S A DOG DAY MORNING AND afternoon at the Blue Ribbon Dog Breeders and Expo K-9. The dogs won't only be judged, they'll entertain you with square dancing (in costume, yet!), precision drilling, dog cart races and even a group of singing beagles (Snoopy one-upmanship?). At Marin Veterans' Memorial Grounds, San Rafael. Free.

► **MAKE A PILE** or watch Marshall Borris make one as he starts with a stack of 4 x 8 sheetrock on the floor and sets up the exhibit by scoring and "folding" the material, then dismantles it. The performance will be filmed. 4 to 10 pm, 80 Langton St., SF, free.

► EXTRATERRESTRIAL EXPOSE? "Story of a Writer" about Ray Bradbury, and "Kurt Vonnegut" are two of the films being shown at noon in the Lurie Room of the Main Library, Civic Center, SF. Free.

► **IS YOUR FUSELAGE FRAC-**tured? Then sign up for this summer course in Aircraft Sheetmetal Repair offered by the Airport Community College Center of the SF Community College District. You'll learn basic skills in the repair of aircraft and approved procedures of sheetmetal repair for both large and small aircraft. Mon. thru Fri., 8 am until noon. For further info call 877-0161 or 282-3100. Free.

Monday, 19th

► **WHEN BROKER IS BETTER:** "Everything You Wanted to Know about the Stockmarket," a series of five classes given by the Community College Centers of the SF Community College District. 7 to 9 pm. For further info call Dan Peck at 441-1176. Free.

REEL LIFE consists of four films, "Cineama 1900," "From Magic Lantern to Today," "Wife and Auto Trouble" and "Dick Tracy vs. Crime, Inc.—Chapters 5 and 6." At 11 am, 1 and 3 pm, Lawrence Hall of Science, University of California, Berk., 642-5132, adults \$1, students and senior citizens 75¢.

Tuesday, 20th

WANT TO BE SINGLED OUT? The SF Jewish Community Center is holding its annual Summertime Celebration for Singles and there'll be wine and cheese, sangria, music and dancing to help the conviviality along. 8 pm, 3200 California St., SF, 346-6040 for more info.

NO MEAN FEAT to twinkle your

toes at this tap dance class. 5:30-7:30 pm, Fiberworks Center for the Textile Arts, 1940 Bonita Ave, Berk., 548-6030, \$12 for six lessons.

► **THE LUCK OF THE IRISH** means having a group like the Beach Street Barn Dance Band—tapping, old-time string band music, hot tunes from the Twenties, fiddles, banjos, mandolins, guitars, vocals, Linda Keen, Kate Brislin, Genny Haley and Valerie Mindel at the Plough and Stars, 116 Clement St., SF. Every Tuesday, 9:30 pm to 1 am. No cover.

Wednesday, 21st

► **TAKE YOUR BIRD FOR A WALK** on the bird walk in lovely Briones Park. The area's protected, a guide will be along, and you can do your Audubon thing before going to work. 7 to 9 am from the Bear Creek Road entrance, courtesy of the East Bay Regional Park District.

► **A SORT OF CALIFORNIA SPLIT**, this informative meeting on "job Sharing, a new work pattern for people who want to work less than a 40-hour work week" will be held by New Ways to Work in San Francisco at 11 am, 2948 16th at Mission, SF, free.

WOMEN'S WINNING WAYS are shown in these four films on women in the "Women Surviving" program of the People Change in the World film series. Included in the program are "We're Alive," "Continuous Woman," "All of Us Stronger," and "Sex and Violence." Shown at 7, 8:30 pm, Roxie Cinema, 16th St., Valencia, SF, \$2.

I DID IT MY WAY—you can say that after you've benefited from "The Art of Self Direction" given by Lenore Lefer in which the nature of self-direction and the ways in which we can increase it in our lives is discussed. 8-10:30 pm, Esalen, 1793 Union St., SF, \$5.

YOU'LL NOT BE DISILLUSIONED at the Third Annual "Magicians for Dystrophy" Magic, Mystery and Illusion show to raise funds in the fight against Muscular Dystrophy. Four magicians, puppets, emceed by the incomparable Bob Wilkins of Ch. 2's "Creature Features" fame. 8 pm, Walnut Creek Civic Arts Theatre, 1641 Locust, Walnut Creek, adults \$3, children 12 and under \$2.

"BANANAS," "BANANAS" with Woody Allen, Woody Allen and Louise Lasser (Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman), 7 and 8:30 pm, University of California, Cole Hall, 500 Parnassus Ave., SF, 666-2019, \$1.75.

Thursday, 22nd

► **MORE REEL LIFE:** The South West Project of the Berkeley Public Library is sponsoring a Summer Film Festival, and tonight's offering is "David and Lisa." 7 pm, West Berkeley Branch Library, 1125 University Ave., Berk., free.

RSVP means respond s'il vous plait in every way to the midsummer sale in aid of the Retired Senior Volunteer Program which currently places more than 410 men and women, 60 years and better, in volunteer positions with 46 nonprofit agencies throughout SF. Knitted and crocheted items, many books, inexpensive yardage and bargains galore. 10:30 am to 2:30 pm, 944 Market St., (corner of Mason), SF, 346-1812.

► **NOT NECESSARILY FOR WOMEN ONLY**, "Women at Berkeley," a historical exhibit with photographs, documents and memorabilia, is on display from 11 am to 5 pm Tues. through Sun. at the Main Library on the University of California Berkeley campus. Through Aug. Free.

► **DOGGIE DOOS AND DON'TS:** "How to Live with a City Dog" (the four-legged sort), a talk by Dr. Sue Atwell at 2:30 pm. Parkside

Branch Library, 1200 Taraval, SF. Free.

► **SAMOA ITEMS OF INTEREST**—today and tomorrow enjoy the Samoan Community Festival. Lots of Polynesian food, there'll be singing and dancing, not to mention games and canoe races. Crocker-Amazon Park, Geneva Ave. and Moscow St., SF. Call 626-7357 for more info. Free.

LIMBER UP AND BRANCH OUT with Live Oak Theater's troupe of Joanne Kelly and her Dancers. It'll be an evening of dance and video titled "Segway's Greatest Hits" and will take place at 8:15 pm, Live Oak Theater, 1301 Shattuck, Berk., \$2.

Friday, 23rd

A WILD WILDE, "The Importance of Being Earnest," a witty and satirical social comedy by Oscar Wilde, with Joe Spano and Douglas Johnson. 8 pm, Berkeley Repertory Theater, 2980 College Ave., Berk. For info call 845-4700. \$5.

POEMS AND PIROUETTES? A benefit poetry reading and dance featuring poets Jack Micheline, Kaye McDonough, Andy Clausen, Alta, Max Schwartz, Summer Brenner, Jack Hirschman and Linda Clausen. Music by Cornucopia, refreshments available. 8 pm, Unitarian Fellowship Hall, Cedar and Bonita, Berk. \$2 at the door.

WHEN ONE AND ONE DON'T ADD up to anything, maybe you should talk to co-therapists Bernard Apfelbaum and Susan Greene and join in the presentation of their specialty, individual sex therapy. For more information call SF State University **I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN AND** Transfer to Staten Island, too, with Manhattan Transfer when they unveil their all-new show which is also a sneak preview of the upcoming Atlantic LP, "Manhattan Transfer Coming Out." Hear this sensational group tonight and tomorrow night at 8 pm, at the Paramount Theatre in Oakland. The opening act is Pamela Pollard with Dick Oxtot's Golden Age Jazz Band. Call 465-6400 or TELETIX for ticket info.



NIGHT

July 16-July 23



Manhattan Transfer, who'll be at the Paramount Theater in Oakland July 23-24. See July 23.



Belly dancing and Arabic and Persian music at the Intersection, 756 Union St., SF. 397-6061. July 17-18, \$2. See July 17.



Sheilah Glover in "Elaine's Piece." At the Intersection, July 16-17. See July 16.



Three photos from August Sander's "German Photographs" exhibit at the Thackery & Robertson gallery, 2266 Union St., SF, through July.



From the exhibit of photos by Mark Chester. At the Loeb Rhoades Market Hours Gallery, eighth floor, Transamerica Pyramid, SF, through Aug. 9.



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The new upbeat poetry - cont'd. from page 13

The poems on these pages are the work of Bay Area poets, many of whom came to our attention after we published our "Poetry Is Back" issue last January 9. Some of the poets represented here have been published widely, and others not at all. The selection was based not on connections, bribery or threat of blackmail, but purely on the personal prejudices of the editors, who take no responsibility.

Seacoast of Bohemia

My imagination cannot take a more Fanciful turn than try to imagine Our world the Old and the Old World the New.

Take Albany here—this Independent Principality—
Suppose this plain, these creeks
And waters of the Bay,
Our Hill and "rockbound coast,"
Had suffered the economic and cultural
Rampaging of high-pressured charismatic
Nationalistic breeds of men—
Instead merely of being lounged on
By a bunch of clam-and-acorn guzzling Indians:

Ah, what larks on summer nights
To walk the crooked alleys
Of our high-walled town;
or, more ambitiously—
The better to see the cold fog roll in—
Slowly ascend the castle-walk
Or our Alcazar or Pierrefonds
And, unobserved, in some dark corner,
Make love and talk and eat chocolate bars
And make love and talk.
—Charles Keppel

Chinese restaurant

sitting in a Chinese restaurant, I had
a revelation, passed into
a trance, lightly flavored with soy sauce,
saw that everything is
fine: the dumplings and the Dharma, the wonton
and the Way, all just fine: and me,
trying to look holy,
using my chopsticks well, the wrong
way, smoking too many cigarettes, and in love
with the world
I've tried so hard
to leave: all just fine. more tea.

— Rebecca Radner

Grubbing in May

i
the clouds move through the firs
like catfish nosing the slough
the rain has emerald hair
portly crows strut through grasses
visitants ashore
transmitting shards of static
from their eyes
salmon run home from the ocean
through a dense water with bright hooks
and hydroelectric plants
in their gills
heaving

ii
a cable, mattock, two men, a shovel,
and a tractor yank arborvitae
from their ground
the trees are dragged away
their roots shaking like maggots
behind the lurching machine

iii
and extraction leveling the landscape
to protect humans from
the brush of wet hands
passing through their wooden door
the horizon sleeps in mud
—Donald Levering

When You Get Famous
you can buy beluga caviar
like shiny grey pearls
glistening pop them
into your mouth
press them to your palate
releasing that ineffable something
that essence
that is
like the soul of the sea
concentrated
grey pearl eggs
of gigantic fish
huge armoured fish
that swim in the caspian sea
and upstream
struggling
huge fish living
on the tiniest plants
the most minute morsels
moving
upstream
against the current
filled with
that expensive caviar
of their own making
when you get famous
you can buy
beluga caviar
—Gerda Penfold

Deadly Devils in January

My mother use to call them *say gwai*.
Say being the Chinese for "deadly"
Or "deserving of death."
And *gwai*, the Chinese for devils.
Older folk who called us know-nothing
Said we kids no hep savvy good Chinese.
This was because we never called *say gwai*
By their right names.
Instead we said deadly devils.
My mother use to tell us to not say it in English
For the *say gwai* then would know what we thought.

Now it is a strange thing
But lately deadly devils have been walking the streets
In January, of all months.
I mean, it ain't even summer
And they're here.

They're here.
It's too cold for hawaiian shirts and cutoff pants
But we know them anyway.
I mean, you know by the way they force you
Off the sidewalk
And bug you about
Where's a good Chinese place to eat, son.
And there's always one deadly devil
Who knows
Some well-behaved Chinaman laundryman
Back home in Olmstead, Kansas.
Great fellow.
Great guy.
So hard-working and gracious and quiet and funny.
They're the same in January as in July.

So I sez to this one especially fat deadly devil,
You know, I got this here white butler and cook, Jack.
And I tell you,
He can whip up Burrito Burgers
Like McDonald's and Jack-in-the-Box both
Better look out, man.
And he's a nice fellow.
Great guy.
Work like hell to please me and my mother.
And we don't even pay him shit.
Well, this deadly devil didn't like that.
He said
Chinese people never used to be like me.
And I said
Maybe if you come back in July, Jack,
We'll be that way for you.
Because three months out of the year
We'll like you
And all the money in your white summer pants.
But in January,
Well, we'll have to work on that a little.
—Anthony Yung

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Gerda Penfold

Hi! We're in Frisco & Thought We'd Drop By...

When the phone rings in the summer
you know it isn't Jerry Brown, no,
Ma and Pa Kettle will be crashing tonight.
And already
the Bermuda Triangle has come to visit.

Money, food, and beer sail near him
and vanish
a cold wind blows
and sea water spills over the meatloaf.
He tells your wife about your old girls,
puts out cigarets in the plants
& remarks on how cold it is here.
He pre-empts Sesame Street for baseball—
your daughter is getting pissed
and your are frantically calling his sister in Berkeley
who, it seems,
has just now planned a camping trip
in Finland.

—Don McClelland

A Poem, Not Necessarily Occasional, for a Sixteen-Year-Old Girl

I was proud,
proud even of the lake, lying still
for once as your North Carolina Greek
touched my ears; your eyes
as you abandoned the play.

And the full grass of early Summer,
flat against my flattened palms,
the Aeschylus beside us,
and your lips, tangent to my chest.

My God, you said, sitting against the tree,
and laughed, and tapped my knee with tips
of fingers. Let me cut your toenails, you said.

At the station, holding *Prometheus Bound*,
in a foul mood, you missed the sunshine,
and I wanted to give you a note
to read on the train:
Don't ride backward,
nature is bountiful,
there are many more men like me.

—Daniel J. Langton

The Magnificent White Horse in the Fog

This is the promise the wind made me:
That at the end I would become
A silver white horse.
I would be
The mare and the stallion.
I would be the dancer and the musician.
The wind made me this promise
On a hot afternoon
When my lips were soft
And I thought I was asleep.

—Stephanie Mines

I Arrange For Pain to Descend Darkly

I arrange for pain to descend darkly
Past my illuminated heart,
Past my body still trembling
Four years since the birthing.
Past the cradle of my pelvis,
Past my adolescent thighs,
Past my blue calves,
Past my vulnerable ankles,
Thru and
My eager caterpillar toes.

It crawls along the floor, my pain,
One of those bugs you don't know the name of,
Into the garden where the flowers are springing it goes
And down the street it is on its own,
Manipulating thru traffic,
Probably looking for a way out of the city.

—Stephanie Mines

Jojoba

A shrub whose oil may be substituted for whale oil.

In scratchy deserts
your roots stretch
for four inches of rain each year.
You survive! And propagate!
A yogic dance
transmuting dust into fat.

The oil squeezed from your seeds
lubricates machines
that nurture as well as crush.
Seeds like nipples
from the lotus.

Hardy as your people—
Barona, Hopi, Mayan,
Semite, Ethiopian,
Aborigine, Asian.

May your miracle be shared,
your wonder honored.
Till the branches of your groves
cradle children.
And in faroff coves,
drenched and dripping,
whales spraying in unison
breathe your sacrifice.

—Gwynn O'Gara

Drought

Air clear and
golden
Golden the hills
and the light is
golden
White azaleas, oleander
Beautiful weather of
death
The fields are
burning burning
Great sunflowers of
thirst, yellow mouths
The people are
tired of smiling
Endless summer is
a strain
Skins
crack

—Susan Policoff

The Effect of the Wind in San Francisco

The city is not stable.
It floats in a whirl of molecules,
Collides with combustibles.
And we've got tickets instructing us to
Get off on the rings of Venus.

Diamonds from a million wedding rings
Have been crushed and tossed into the
Sky tonight.

The clouds are hand painted screens
Shifting in a silent movie about the Far East.

I am the invisible face in the sky,
The falling star on her way up.
I am the headstrong foliage
In the corner of the window.

My ship has been cleared for departure.
Now, crush these flowers and burn these papers.

Dead lines don't exist.

A green dragon worm crawls along the walls of my room.

A light rain falls into my hand
As I continue talking to myself.

—Stephanie Mines



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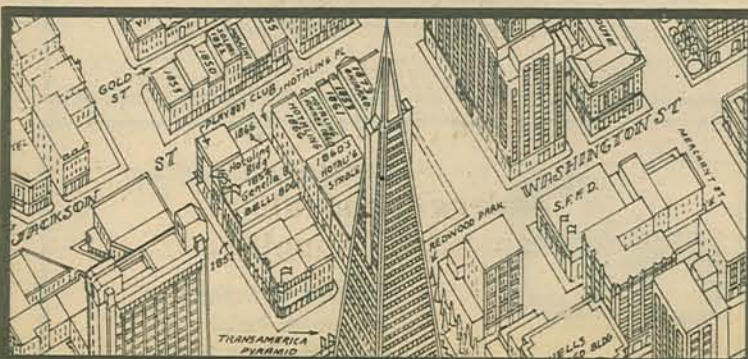


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A foxy gentleman

FOX AND HIS FRIENDS. Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. At the Lumiere, California near Polk, SF.

Rainer Werner Fassbinder is a prodigiously talented West German director who has somehow managed to make 29 films since 1969. Until recently, his reputation in the United States has been limited mostly to film society circles, but his latest film, *Fox and his Friends*, is now showing commercially in San Francisco. Besides being a fine introduction to the work of this artist, *Fox* is a complex and provocative film about gay life. By fitting the gay male culture of Munich into the matrix of German society, the film is able to show how an oppressed group comes to mirror the values of its oppressors, thus deepening its oppression.

Fox is the resolutely tragic drama of a gay proletarian (nicknamed "Fox" and played by Fassbinder himself) who rises into the gay bourgeoisie by way of winning 500,000 marks in a lottery. Blinded by his love for the beautiful effete owner of a near-bankrupt printing firm, he is swindled out of his fortune by his lover and his lover's family. The business survives, but Fox doesn't. The political meaning is clear: the much-fabled class mobility of capitalist society is a lie. In counterpoint to this theme, the film also punctures the myth (as expounded by Paul Goodman and others) that gay life is more democratic. The movie shows upward mobility to be a downward spiral — Fox is free to rise to the occasion of his own destruction. Paradoxically, Fassbinder's bravura performance as Fox begins to undermine the film's political analysis.

Fassbinder's Fox has short-cropped hair and a thick, blank look on his pudgy face. He sees the world through a defensive squint, as if life's glare is too bright for him. The man's speech and movements are attempts at being defiantly awkward, but they remain attempts — he is like an untrained actor trying to play the Marlon Brando role in *The Wild One*. Fox is too innocent and too full of pain for his tough-guy bravado to be convincing. His name, which is emblazoned on the back of his brush-denim jacket, is an ironic misnomer — Fox has animal vitality, all right, but he's decidedly lacking in cunning.

One by one, each of the film's central characters (proletarian or bourgeois) does dirt to him. His drunken sister whips him with her drag-queen voice, his egocentric lover exploits him, his lover's snobbish friends deride his boorishness. And in the end, two boys rifle his dead body, stealing his money and his emblematic jacket. Fox is so naggingly obnoxious and alienated that anyone might want to put him out of his misery. He becomes less a victim of class and sexual oppression than a born victim, a freak of nature. This is where the film's political message is obscured. I began to feel that Fassbinder was working out his own masochistic fantasy about his own alienation and sense of rejection through the character of Fox. The film would be much stronger politically if Fox had a few more redeeming qualities (e.g., physical beauty, or a sharp wit) and was still rejected and destroyed. The way it stands, *Fox* requires the kind of compassion that maybe only the Diane Arbuses of the world can really offer.

Fortunately, Fassbinder's indulgent performance cannot obscure the film's evocation of gay life in Munich. (Though *Fox* is concerned exclusively with gay men, Fassbinder's *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant* is a companion film about lesbians; let's hope it comes to San Francisco soon.) There is nothing indulgent about the director's depiction of the bath-bar-and-cruising scene. Those who expect decadent tourism a la Luchino Visconti or Joseph Losey will be disappointed. The tacky but comfortable working-class bar we see in *Fox* is blessedly free of the calculated shocks Robert Aldrich brought to his lesbian bar in *The Killing of Sister George*. Fassbinder shows the camaraderie that links the "regulars" at the bar as well as the undercurrent of desperation.

The film says the love-hate relationship many gay men have for bar life is based on their awareness that a bar is just a microcosm of the oppression on the outside. Sexuality becomes a commodity; "brothers" become competitors. When Fox moves in with his bourgeois lover, he starts going to parties instead of bars. If you've got the money for a flat and fine booze you can bring the bar home with you. *Fox* is about the power and self-respect that money can buy.

Fassbinder is a masterful director — the film is stunningly well made, but it's never gratuitously stunning. The biggest compliment I can pay to Michael Ballhaus's cinematography and the ensemble playing of the entire cast (many of whom are familiar from other Fassbinder films) is that only in retrospect did I stop to consider their artistry.

Particularly noteworthy is the acting of Karl-Heinz Boehm as Uncle Max, the suave, middle-aged businessman who introduces Fox to the world of comfort. The character is Fassbinder's most interesting conception. Max lurks on the fringe of the action as a silent observer, and when Fox disintegrates, Max's elegant detachment becomes chilling. Uncle Max is the cold-hearted witness, the jaded man of luxury reduced to a voyeur. Toward the end, his omnipresent indifference has a metaphysical cast. Wealth has made him almost otherworldly, and his perverse equanimity is as close to angelic as money can buy. Uncle Max is the real fox of the film.

SILENT MOVIE: Directed by Mel Brooks. At the Metro, Union/Webster, SF; Albany Cinema, 1115 Solano, Albany; Lark, Larkspur; Hyatt, Burlingame; Fine Arts, Palo Alto.

The attempts that various writers, including Sigmund Freud, have made to analyze what makes people laugh for some of the dullest reading in all of world literature. In the field of cinema, in particular, reams have been written about the comic styles of Chaplin, Keaton, Lloyd, the Marx Brothers, W.C. Fields, even Jerry Lewis. Among these many treatises, James Agee's affectionate tribute to the great silent film comedians probably stands above the rest in excellence. Yet even Agee was hard put to define what it was about the classic funny-men that made them so appealing.

So it is with Mel Brooks' *Silent Movie*. An entire review could (and perhaps should) consist solely of the exhortation, "It's hilarious. Go see it." It seems to do violence to what Marty Feldman calls Brooks's deliberate anachronism" to write any words about it at all, for Brooks has brought forth, in A.D. 1976, a movie that has only one word of spoken dialog (itself a brilliant effect) and thus relies almost exclusively on visual humor.

Go, enjoy.

— Peter Klem



At the dinner table in "Fox and his Friends."

The movie's the thing



Miss Scoons (O-Lan Shepard), left, Rabbit (Debbie Roe Smith).

Angel City, by Sam Shepard at the Magic Theater, 1681 California Street, San Francisco. Playing Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 7:30 pm through Sept. 5. \$4.50 general, \$3.50 students. Info 441-8001.

Celluloid heroes never feel any pain.

— The Kinks

Why do Americans spend so much time in movie houses? Why do we crave a steady diet of prepackaged fantasies? Is it simply because they are available, or is there more to it?

In *Angel City*, Sam Shepard investigates the Hollywood film world and discovers that people in our country suffer acute pains of self-doubt, lack of faith in themselves and loss of identity. So they turn to movies, acknowledged fantasies, hoping to receive a stimulation or impression that will make them feel real. The "reality" of movies, which contain the famous stars and the flashy settings, becomes stronger than the reality of the viewer's own lives. Shepard also discovers that the writers, directors and producers who manufacture these movies lose their inner strength and destroy their own identities in the process of disseminating this fodder to the general public. An increasingly vicious cycle generates movies to fill emotional voids in our lives — voids which develop in the manufacture and distribution (and viewing) of those same movies.

Shepard has clothed his discoveries in a richly lyrical evening of theater that sparkles with jive speech, lights, music and six strange and mysterious human beings.

Angel City is Los Angeles. The play is set in the Hollywood offices of a gigantic corporation that is part film studio and part power/talent conglomerate. At the opening of the play Rabbit Brown, a wildman writer with a crazy pen (perhaps Shepard himself), is hired by Lanx, a slick, sunglassesed, cigar-smoking film producer who looks a bit like a Mafia hit man. Lanx has never met Rabbit before, but he has heard that he is a crafty, flashy fellow with words, so he hires him to help out with the story of a movie he has already sunk eight million bucks into but which has gotten bogged down in production because the principal writer has reached a creative impasse.

Rabbit arrives in *Angel City* by buckboard from Northern California, having stopped at each of the missions along the way to pray. After meeting Lanx and the principal writer, Wheeler, Rabbit is left alone in a room to "create."

The first person he meets is Tympani, a drummer who stands behind two kettledrums at the side of the stage, banging on them constantly throughout the two-hour performance, looking for the perfect rhythm. For many years now he has been experimenting with rhythms that produce mass trances, hoping one day he will discover the perfect rhythm that hypnotizes everybody and gives him complete control over people's minds. The film-studio/power-talent-conglomerate perceives this perfect rhythm as a potentially lucrative force in some as yet unspecified future "entertainment" pro-

ject. They pay Tympani a small retainer, which keeps him comfortable, to keep searching for the perfect rhythm, even though he has been doing this now for years; maybe he has burned himself out, maybe he has gone past his prime, past the point where such a rhythm would be within his grasp.

I would like to step out on a longish aside here and note that Shepard himself is a drummer and a rock musician. He has used music in much of his work, and he remarked once that if he had his choice he would rather be a working musician than a working theater magician. The chips just fell the other way.

That statement is hard to believe since Shepard is such a powerful and lyrical writer, but leaving that unnecessary choice aside, we observe at any rate that Shepard has always concerned himself with the problem of interrelating music and drama on stage. Music is a very direct emotional experience. Theater is less immediately accessible. It requires a big, unwieldy background construction of some kind and a very conscious concentration on the part of the viewer. Match your perception of that to your perception of a hot musical line. And you can't dance to theater.

Shepard has taken a step towards reuniting this split by making one of his characters, Tympani, a musician. Tympani's drumming has a livening, musical effect on the audience, but at the same time this character, the drummer, is part of the drama onstage, and his drumming is one of his ways to relate to the other characters onstage, who respond to him as a musical person. This amalgamation of music and drama works very well, and it would work even better, I think, if an actor could be found who is also a superior drummer. James Dean as Tympani is a brilliant actor, but he seems to be a neophyte on the skins. Maybe this is too much to expect in practical terms, but if Elvin Jones or Billy Cobham or Mongo Santamaria were also an actor, I think a very exciting blend of music and drama would ensue as he searched for the perfect rhythm. End of aside.

Rabbit tries to create for Lanx and Wheeler the solution to their problems, but he fails. Then he convinces Tympani and Miss Scoons, the office secretary, to work with him in an effort to create communally among the three of them the most horrible thing they can imagine for the epic disaster picture. They decide that the imagination of death (not death itself) is most frightful, and they attempt to create it. After they fail, Wheeler comes in to take over the think session.

The acting in this production is spectacular. Jack Thibau as Lanx, James Dean as Tympani, Debbie Roe Smith as Rabbit, O-Lan Shepard as Miss Scoons and John Nesci as Wheeler all register first-rate performances. Bob Feldman's bittersweet saxophone solos pull many of the scenes together.

Shepard feels that directors in the past have generally misperformed his work, imposing theatrical structures into it that do not exist in the material as written. At least one director, on the other hand, has remarked that Shepard tends to be naive about the practical realities of actually staging his work and that he destroys efforts towards compromise by being so single-minded in his vision of a particular work. His play *The Holy Ghostly*, for example, requires in the final stage directions that both the theater and the audience be consumed in flames.

In this production of *Angel City* by the Magic Theater, however, Shepard has been allowed the luxury of directing the play himself. The result is a resounding success, and the Magic Theater should be given a lot of credit for getting this whole thing together, taking on Shepard as its playwright-in-residence for 1976 and allowing him the space, time and people to work the play out. World premieres like this in San Francisco challenge the best that New York theater has to offer.

Some may have seen Shepard's play *The Tooth of Crime*, which was running for a while locally in both San Francisco and Berkeley about six months ago. If you didn't see it, if *City Angel* is your maiden voyage into the world of Sam Shepard, good luck, and I will meet you again on the other side of your mind.

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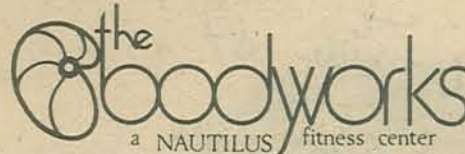
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The most glorious of them all (and San Francisco only has three of them, sad to say) bridges the China Basin channel, over on Third St. near the SP Depot. A real beauty when standing still, and a regular sideshow when in operation, this bridge went up in 1933—designed by Joseph Strauss, who also designed the more static, if more famous, Golden Gate Bridge a bit later.

The Third St. bridge is small but active. At the foot of a ship's whistle—even a relatively small boat—bells start clanging, sirens blaring, gates dropping, trunnion gears turning, bascule tilting and the span slowly lifts, balanced by its huge counterweights, to let the intruder pass. It's not a very busy channel, though, so this doesn't even happen more than a couple of times a day.

You'll find simpler bridges on Fourth St. and farther out on Third (a very modern, sterile one); the Delta region has a good supply, being riddled with waterways, as it is.

DRIVEWAYS

Except for hitching, the cheapest way to go from coast to coast is via drive-away auto transport. You get to drive somebody else's car (sometimes a roomy station wagon or camper, more often a reconditioned taxi or even a jeep); all you have to pay for is gas, just in part, and you usually don't have to rush, though we strongly recommend an attitude of caveat emptor.

Most of these require that you be 21 years of age and ask for between \$50 and \$300 in deposit. They usually give you the first tank of gas. You must furnish at least three local references and usually you have to schedule at least a week in advance.

AAACON AUTO TRANSPORT, 1095 Market, 434-0663. (Mostly to the East.)
NATIONWIDE AUTO TRANSPORT, Pier 44, 989-6573. (Must be 25.)
SHIP YOUR CAR, INC., 760 Market, 362-6300.
AUTO DRIVEWAY CO., 785 Market, 777-3740.



BETTY HOCHBERG, 333 Wilkes Circle, Santa Cruz, 408-427-2127. Specializes in a tight, finely spun yarn, good for yardage. Does thin threads, like cashmeres and silks. Will blend dog hair with wool for strength. Costs \$15/lyd.

FIBERWORKS, 1940 Bonita, Berk., 548-6030. A school of textile art with various courses, also acts as referral service and can likely find a dog's hair spinner for you.

BOB JONES, 442 Fair Oaks, SF, 826-8498. Will spin all kinds of dog hair, about \$2/oz., depending on quality. Will add wool or silk.

SF SAMOYED RESCUE, contact through Francis Roe, 133 Moneta, 566-2814. A club of people interested in this breed, functions in part as rescue service, finding homes for stray Samoyeds. To support themselves, a group of spinners turn Samoyed hair into small garments.

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@	23 H.A.M. @ 8:30	24 T.E.M. @ 2:00 & 8:30

EVENTS

By Harriet Salley

MUSIC

Classical North Indian Music:

Diga (Tal Vadyam) Rhythm Band, The New Maihar Band and a special guest soloist, Old First Presbyterian Church, Van Ness/Sacramento, SF, 8 pm, Wed/21, \$3, 454-6264.

Paul Hersh and David Montgomery, duo pianos: Midsummer Mozart, Fri/16, Zellerbach Aud., Berk, Sat/17, Flint Center, Cupertino, Tickets: East Bay, 642-2561; Peninsula, 257-9555, 8 pm.

Loretta Lynn and Conway Twitty concert: Sat/17, 8 pm, Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum, BASS, all Macy's, Ticketron and all Coliseum Agencies.

Women's Jam: every Wednesday night, 8 pm, at the Haight Ashbury Music Workshop, 518 Frederick, SF. They also have classes in jazz improvisation and instruments. Call 661-5916 for information. Classes \$1 each.

Mark Naftalin, premier boogie-blues pianist, brings his good music to Cole Hall, UCSF, 400 Parnassus, at noon, Thurs/15, Free.

Winemasters' Guild Summer Concert: The second concert of the series features music of the sarod played by Ali Akbar Khan and the alto saxophone played by John Handy. Winemasters' Summer Concerts, Lodi, Sat/17, 8 pm, \$5 at Ticketron and BASS.

Summer Band Concert: College of Marin, P.E. Complex Courtyard, Kentfield, Sun/18, 4 pm, Free.

A Little Sunday Afternoon Music: Cello and piano duets by John Bennett and Karen Balabanian, Sun/18, 4 pm, 135 Park Place, Point Richmond.

Guitar Recital by Naomi Layton: Sun/18, 3 pm, Community Music Center, 544 Capp, SF, \$2.50/\$1.50 students and seniors, 647-6015.

Emeritus Chamber Orchestra: Sun/18,

7 pm, Palo Alto Twilight Concerts, Jordan Junior High Amphitheatre, Middlefield/California, Palo Alto, \$2/50¢/under 19.

The Dadas with Naomi Eisenberg: Fri/16-Sat/17, Thurs/22-Sat/24, Russo's Restaurant and Bar, 524 Union/Grant, SF, 391-4343.

Merola Opera Performance: Sun/18, 2 pm, Stern Grove, 19th/Sloat, SF, Free.

Pops Concert: A Night of Nostalgia at the Pops, Sat/17: Max Morath at the Pops, Tues/20: An All-Russian Request Program, Thurs/22: 8:30 pm, Civic Auditorium, SF, tickets at Symphony Box Office and all leading agencies.

Soul and Blues Concert: Wed/21, 1:30 pm, Music Concourse, Golden Gate Park, SF, Free.

Johnny Mathis: Fri/16-Sat/17, 8 pm, gates open at 6 pm for early picnickers, Concord Pavilion, Tickets at BASS outlets, Macy's, Capwell's and Emporium stores, Concord Pavilion. Information 789-3311 or dial TELETIX.

Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge: Sun/18, 2 pm, Greek Theatre, UC Berkeley, \$5 advance/\$6 door. Tickets available at all BASS outlets. Dial TELETIX for information. Also ASUC Box Office 642-3125.

Dave Mason, New Riders of the Purple Sage, Cafe Brothers, Sun/18, 2 pm, Frost Amphitheatre, Stanford, \$6 at all BASS outlets. Call TELETIX for information/\$7 door.

La Pena Concert with African music and dance ensemble, 9 pm, Sat/17, La Pena Cultural Restaurant, 3105 Shattuck, Berk., 849-2568.

Jim Hobart: Extended Maracas: Mon/19, 4 pm and 6 pm, 80 Langton, SF, \$1, 864-9244.

The Night Club: a seminar with David Allen, current owner and manager of The Boarding House, Mon/19, 8 pm, Family Light Music School, 303 Harbor Drive, Sausalito, \$3, 332-6051.

Salsa de Berkeley will perform for a benefit dance at Epic West on Sun/18, 8:30 pm, \$2.50, 2660 College/Berk., 549-1844. Free childcare available. Tickets TELETIX.

RADIO

Friday 16

Symphony: Gianella: Flute Concerto #3 in C (military) Ibert: Tropisms for Imaginary Loves. Gliere: Concerto for Coloratura Soprano, Op. 82, 8 pm, KKHJ, 95.7 FM/1550 AM.

Latin America Awakens: Mexican Migration: The history of the largest migration of Mexican workers into the US. 7:30 pm, KPFA 94 FM.

"Richard II" by Shakespeare. John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson in this BBC World Theatre play. 9 pm, KOED 88.5 FM.

T.S. Eliot's "Cocktail Party," Part Two. 10 pm, KSFO 560 AM.

Saturday 17

Sticks and Stones: Pinhole to Polaroids, great moments in the history of photography. 10 am, KKHJ 95.7 FM.

Natural High Express: Rolling Stones Special: Bob Dylan by Geoff Link; and a CB show with the Patriot. 7 pm, KALW 91.7 FM.

Summer Olympics coverage for 5 minutes. 12:30, 2:30, 4:30 pm, KNBR 680 AM.

The Studs Terkel Show: Simon Wiesenthal talks about his book "The Sunflower" and his tracking of former Nazis. 10 pm, KCBS 74 AM.

MsUnderstood: an examination of prostitution in SF, and what legalization of prostitution might mean to the community. 8:30 pm, KSFO 560 AM.

Mystery Theater: "The Providential Ghost," starring Beatrice Straight, 9 pm, KSFO 560 AM.

Symphony: Purcell: music from "The Fairy Queen." D'Indy: "Istar." Symphonic Variations, Op. 42. Grieg: Piano Concerto in A minor, Op. 16. 8 pm, KKHJ 1550 AM/95.7 FM.

A Conversation with Dhiravamsa, a Buddhist teacher of Vipassana Meditation. 8 pm, KOED 88.5 FM.

Sunday 18

Mystery Theater: "Half a Life," starring Tammy Grimes, 9 pm, KSFO 1560 AM.

Brown Baby: speakers from Bay Area Committee to End Sterilization Abuse. 7 pm, KPFA, FM 94.

Sunday Night Opera: Wagner: *Die Walkure* (Act Three). Soloists: Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Theo Adam. Soloists and Orchestra of the Bayreuth Festival. KKHJ 1550 AM/95.7 FM.

Soviet Press and Periodicals: Bill Mandel's humanistic view of the USSR and its people. KPFA 94 FM.

Summer Olympics coverage for 5 minutes. 11:30, 12:30, 2:30, 4:30 pm; KNBR 680 AM.

Go-featuring Stevie Winwood of Traffic, Michael Shrieve of Santana in a special concert recorded at the Olympia in Paris. 11 pm, KSNB 95 FM.

Monday 19

Tillie Olsen reads from the novel, Yonnondio. 11:15 pm, KPFA FM 94.

Summer Olympics coverage: 2:30, 4:30 pm, KNBR 680 AM.

Tuesday 20

All Things Considered: A daily 90-minute program of news, public affairs and human interest, from National Public Radio. 7:30 pm, KALW 91.7 FM.

Ain't I Woman! Women's News and Women on Wheels. 10 pm, KPFA FM 94.

Wednesday 21

Richard Farson, psychologist and author talks about "Real Life"—Myth and Paradox in everyday living. 2 pm, KPFA 94.1 FM.

Jean Bolen, M.D., Jungian psychiatrist, talks about intuition and life. 8:30 pm, KOED 88.5 FM.

Symphony: Mozart, Serenade in D (K. 203), Dresden State Orch. Ravel: Sonatine, Martha Argerich, pianist. Shostakovich: Symphony No. 1 in F minor, Moscow Philharmonic. 8 pm, KKHJ 1550 AM/95.7 FM.

Thursday 22

Bud Cary's Old Radio Theatre: A tribute to two popular radio music shows: *The Railroad Hour* and *"Naughty Marietta."* 10 pm, KPFA 94 FM.

Symphony: Mussorgsky/Rimsky-Korsakov: Night on Bald Mountain. Mendelssohn: Sonata in D, Op. 58. R. Strauss: An Alpine Symphony. 8 pm, KKHJ 1550 AM/95.7 FM.

Options: Uri Geller: Magician or Psychic? 6:30 pm, KALW 91.7 FM.

CLUBS

SAN FRANCISCO

The Other Cafe: Steve Seskin, Fri/16; Nick Gravittes, Sat/17; Michael Bloomfield, Sun/18; 100 Carl, 681-0748.

The Plough and the Stars Irish Pub: Sean O'Neill and Milosia Lundy, Fri/16; Sean Nog Irish Folk Music Quartet, Sat/17; 116 Clement.

Shady Grove: Will Power, Fri/16; R. Garneau, sitar and Phil Ford, tabla, Sat/17; Karma, 3-7 pm, Sun/18; Movies, Mon/19; Up in the Air, Wed/21; Listen with Mel Martin and Pamela Pollard, Thurs/22; 1538 Haight, 626-4143.

Omnibus: Perry and the Pumpers, Fri/16; Charlie Hickox, Sat/17; Jazz and Mike Wilhelm, Sun/afternoon; Grtones, Sun/ev; Bound for Glory, Wed/21; 1821 Haight, 752-7338.

The Reunion: Salsa de Berkeley, Fri/16-Sat/17; Viva Brazil, 3:30-7:30 pm, Mirasol, 9 pm, Sun/18; Bennett Friedman Big Band, Mon/19; Salsa de Berkeley, Tues/20; Viva Brasil, Wed/21, Life is Color, Thurs/22; 1823 Union, 346-3248.

The Boarding House: Martin Mull, Fri/16-Sun/18 and Tues/20-Sun/25; 960 Bush, 441-4333.

EAST BAY

Longbranch: Socery and SF Star, Fri/16; Greg Kihn, Sat/17; Lucky Strike, Thurs/22; Billy C. Farlow and Source, every Wed. in July; 2504 San Pablo Berk., 848-9696.

Freight and Salvage: Malvina Reynolds, Fri/16; Robin Williamson, Sat/17; Hoot, Tues/20; Terry Garthwaite, Wed/21; Vitosha Bulgarian Folk Ensemble, Thurs/22; 1827 San Pablo, Berk., 548-1761.

West Dakota: Salsa de Berkeley, Fri/16; Reggae with Obeah, Sat/17; Little Roger and the Goosebumps, Sun/18; 1505 San Pablo Berk., 526-0950.

Cafe Valerian: Ricahrd Drueding, Sat/17 and Tues/20; Lawrence Hammond, Wed/21; Dale Miller, Thurs/22; 64218 Piedmont, Oakl., 654-6321.

The eystone: Earthquake and Raven, Fri/16-Sat/17; Sutro Sympathy, Sun/18; The Runners, Mon/19; Jerry Garcia Band, Tues/20-Wed/21; Nimbus, Thurs/22; 2119 University, Berk., 841-9903.

La Salamandra: Sunny Brook, Fri/16-Sat/17; Studebaker, Sun/18; Karen Bogen, Julia Vinograd, Serpent, Mon/19, Group Therapy Sem-

inar, Tues/20; Disco, Wed/21; 2516 Telegraph, 841-9070.

NORTH-SOUTH

Miramar Beach Inn: Mahatma, Fri/16-Sat/17; Salsa de Berkeley, Sun/18; Houck and Scott and Crystal Pistol, Mon/19; Bill Tough, Tues/20; South Bay Local, Wed/21; Grayson Street, Thurs/22; Coast Highway, Miramar.

Inn of the Beginning: Carrie Nation, Fri/16-Sat/17; Over the Hill, Sun/18; Melba Rounds, Pamela Pollard, Mon/19; Cotati, 795-9955.

GAY

Day of Fellowship: Installation of Rev. Charles Larson as pastor of SF Metropolitan Community Church, Sun/18, 1 pm, Community Church, 23rd/Capp, SF, 285-0392.

Jogging for fun and exercise: Ocean Beach Run, Meet at Great Highway/Lincoln, Sun/18, 10 am, 626-9081. Run the beach or the road. Different strokes for different folks.

Dignity: (Bay Area Gay Catholics and others) meets the 1st Sunday of every month at 3 pm at St. Peter's Catholic Church, 24th/Alabama, SF, 863-4940.

Gay Rap: A place for Gayfolk to meet. Tues, 8 pm, 121 Leavenworth/Golden Gate, SF, 771-1450.

Richard Miller will conclude his job-seeking series with "Interview Strategy," which includes 25 of the most frequently asked questions in interviews, Sun/18, 10 am, Kincaid Room, First Unitarian Church, Geary/Franklin, SF.

Lesbian drop-in rap: Fri/16, 7:30 pm, The Pacific Center for Human Growth, 2329 San Pablo, Berk., 841-6224.

KIDSTUFF



The Alternative Education Fair Hall of Flowers, Golden Gate Park, 9th/Lincoln, SF, Sun/18

Owning and Caring for a Pet: Mon/19, 2 pm, Berkeley Public Library, North Branch, Hopkins/The Alameda, Berk.

Trails and Tails: Our Animal Heritage, SF Zoo, 11 am, 45th/Sloat, Fri/16.

Micro-Odyssey: Photographs of life and objects taken through the lenses of powerful microscopes are exhibited at the Oakland Museum, 1000 Oak, Oakl., Thru Sept. 5a, 25¢.

"Birding for Beginners": a nature walk and a quick lesson in ornithology given by Naturalist Norm Kidder. East Bay Regional Park, 11500 Skyline Blvd, Oakl., Sun/18, 10 am-noon. Call 471-4967 for information.

"The Great Pumpkin": a mobile recreation program bringing staff & supplies and activities to mini-parks and totlots in Berkeley will be at Prince Street Mini Park, King/California, Fri/16 morning and Haskell/Mabel Mini Park, Fri/16 afternoon. Call 644-6530.

Animal Fair: Fri/16-Sun/18, 10 am-4 pm, Lawrence Hall of Science has animals on loan from the San Jose Baby Zoo, \$1 adults/75¢ students and senior citizens/50¢ children 6-12 free UC students and members and children under 3, 642-5132.

Film Program: Tues/20, 10:30 am and 2 pm, ages 3-5; 4 pm, ages 6 and up; Sunset Library, 1305-18th, SF, 566-4552.

Puppet Workshop: Mon/19, 1-3 pm, Christopher Playground, 5210 Diamond Heights, SF; Thurs/22, 10:30 am-noon, Glen Park, Chenery and Elk, SF, 558-3706.

"Marco Polo": a movie at the Junior Museum, Roosevelt Drive/Museum Way, SF, Tues/20, 12:30 pm, 558-3706.

Soccer Clinic: Tues/20, 1:30-4 pm, Helen Willis Playground, Broadway/Larkin, SF; Wed/21, 1:30-4 pm, St. Mary's Recreation Center, Justin Drive/Murray, SF; Thurs/22, 1:30-4 pm, West Sunset Playground, 39th/Ortega, SF; Fri/16, 1:30-4 pm, Folsom Playground, 21st/Folsom, SF, 558-3543.

Five Parks with Climbers: Jackson, 17th/Arkansas, SF; Rolt, Army/Potrero, SF; Franklin Square, Bryant/16th, SF; Buena Vista, Haight/Divisadero, SF; Chinese Playground, Sacramento/Waverly Place, SF.

"Dark Doings in the Corral": a play by the Children's Repertory Company of the SF Recreation and Park Department, Thurs/22, 2 pm, St. Mary's Recreation Center, Murray/Justin Drive, SF.

Old fashioned family picnic in Golden Gate Park, SF, at the Pioneer Log Cabin Picnic Area. Bring your lunch, and family and friends. Sponsored by the SF Jewish Community Center. Sun/18, 1-4 pm, Free.

Zoo Summer School: Animals in Art, Legend, Music and History. July 19-23, SF Zoo, Sloat/Skyline, SF, \$5 for members of Zoological Society/\$15 for non-members. Parents are welcome. For information call 661-2025.

Exploratorium Summer Classes: July 20-July 29 (2nd Session), 10 am-12 noon, Tues., Wed., Thurs. \$25 general/\$20 members. 563-7337.

El Carnival: an original bilingual musical play for children by Teatro Claridad, Sun/18, 2 pm, La Pena Cultural Center Restaurant, 3105 Shattuck, Berk., 849-2568.

Carpentry Workshop for girls (12-14 years), Mon., Tues., Wed., Week of July 19. Sponsored by the Girl Scouts. Register at Community Center, 534 Precita, SF. To register call Eddie at 467-3330.

Alternative Education Fair: A gathering of experimental and innovative schools and projects on the West Coast will take place on Sun/18, 10 am-5 pm, at the Hall of Flowers in Golden Gate Park, 9th/Lincoln, SF, Free.

MOVIES

Mini-Reviews

By Zena Jones

The Big Bus

"The Big Bus(t)" is another of those star-laden superfluousities that go nowhere, even though in this case the likes of Joseph Bologna, Stockard Channing, Rene Auberjonois, Jose Ferrer, Ruth Gordon, Sally Kellerman and Lynn Redgrave are along for the ride from New York to Denver in Cyclops, the world's first nuclear-powered bus. Director James Frawley's (formerly of the Monkees) second effort should stand as a dire warning of what can happen when filmmakers urge you to "leave the driving to us" when they obviously don't know their buses from their airplanes. (Regency 1; Tantor 1, SF)—Z.J.

Murder by Death

Of course, the butler (Alec Guinness) did it — except that the butler turns out to be Truman Capote who turns out to be Nancy Walker, who turns out to be... well, that may give you some idea of the juiced-up mood of this zany Neil Simon thriller, which also has James Coco, David Niven, Peter Falk, Elsa Lanchester and Peter Sellers playing five of the world's most famous fictional detectives and their hangers-on in this Gothic and far from elementary plot, in which all are invited to be the guests of a mysterious Mr. Lionel Twain at "a dinner and a murder." With Charles Addams cartoons to introduce the cast during the credits, you'll die laughing. (Cinema 21, SF)—Z.J.

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea

The orientation of this adaptation from Yukio Mishima's novel should be Japanese, but in director Lewis John Carlino's kamikaze clutches it becomes a very poorly slanted *Lord of the Flies*. The supposedly sinister schoolboy gang translates into a bunch of rotten little kids; the sex, both adult and adolescent, turns pallid or pubescently peephole; and sustained horror pales into an unpleasant moment or two. Douglas Slocum's cinematography is superb, however, whether dwelling on ships and skies and Sarah Miles, or the screen-sized internal organs of a drugged cat as it's being slowly eviscerated. Kris Kristofferson is the other cut-up. (Ghirardelli, SF)—Z.J.

Harry and Walter Go To New York

This Mark Tydel-directed "zany new comedy" is totally unique in its field—it's absolutely, altogether, utterly and completely unfunny. Nothing works, not even the cast (Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, James Caan, Diane Keaton et al), and instead of tossing off lines they should have tossed out John Byron's leaden script. (If you care, the plot's basically about a bank heist with suave Michael Caine and his gang being outsmarted by a bumbling vaudeville duo, Caan and Gould.) The original film ran for two hours and five minutes but was cut to one hour and 45 minutes. It should have been cut to the quick—if there ever was one. (Ghirardelli, Stonestown, Millbrae, Century 22, SF)—Z.J.

The Missouri Breaks

Marlon Brando, Jack Nicholson and Arthur Penn — an almost holy trinity, one might assume. Alas, with the addition of writer Thomas McGuane it turns into an unholy alliance. The script doesn't do much more than set the 1800s Montana good-guys/bad-guys tone, then combines an off-balance rudimentary humor with peculiarly calculated violence, letting Nicholson epitomize the first and Brando the second. Nicholson goes along amiably enough but Brando's style is to see things for what they are and employ his own formidable brand of self-mockery to make the film his own. And he does. (Seavue Twin II, SF; Oaks, Berk.)—Z.J.

The Man Who Fell To Earth

Watching this film is rather like eating a Dagwood sandwich—one is constantly digesting at least five ingredient levels simultaneously, and director Nicholas Roeg is so carried away with visuals he tends to forget the plot. For what the latter is worth, an androgynous, expressionless, spaced-out being (what better choice than David Bowie?) comes to earth in search of water for his own parched planet and uses his superior intelligence (in sci-fi all inhabitants of other planets are of superior intelligence) to amass enough money to build the space ship that will take him back. The work is full of superficial originality that leaves one with the hope that someday Roeg will make a film in which the photography is only a means to an end. (Vogue, SF; Elmwood, Berk.)—Z.J.

Taxi Driver

Robert de Niro gives a superlative under-the-skin, inside-the-head performance as a man almost totally alienated from society, but director Martin Scorsese has flawed his film with contradictions and a seeming inability to make up his mind as to the right ending — so he gives us three. Nevertheless, a gripping and disturbing analysis of mankind versus the filth and slime that constitute the very hard underbelly of urban life. (Stage Door, Serramonte 6, Spruce IV, SF)—Z.J.

Male of the Century

Claude Berri's latest autobiographical fling (in which he directs, writes and plays, the elad) is a very small comment on the sexual double standard that allows a man his "indulgences" while demanding complete fidelity from his wife. His obsessive possessiveness stems not from any concern for her—after all, she's merely a reflection of him—but from his own nagging insecurity. The actual plot is secondary to this theme, being a sort of *Puppy Day Afternoon* complete with attempted heist and hostages, one of whom is Berri's wife. The robbery is televised and Berri is completely unstrung, not out of any fear for his wife's safety but fear that she'll allow herself to be raped to save her own life. Naturally, he'd prefer her to die. The final outcome leaves nothing resolved, and as for the title, which century did Berri have in mind? (Music Hall, SF)—Z.J.

La Rupture

When director Claude Chabrol gets his psychology and suspense all together he is, like the Alfred Hitchcock he admires, superb. Unfortunately, this just-released 1970 work is as disappointing and lacking in suspense as Hitch's "Family Plot" and, unlike other 1970-era Chabrol films, the usually taut psychological fabric is so loosely woven as to be formless. The parable-like plot pits power against virtue as a wealthy family uses stop-at-nothing methods to regain their drug-ridden son's child from his mother, a blameless wife of obscure origin whom they consider inferior and unsuitable; but even the exquisite talents of Stephane Audran as the wife cannot knit up to this all-too-raveled sleeve. (Cento Cedar, SF)—Z.J.

The Omen

One of the more memorable quotes in this poor-man's "Exorcist" is that "the Devil's child will rise from the world of politicians." Aside from that, Richard Donner has directed with no hint of the subtlety that made "The Innocents" so full of demonic suspense and terror. Instead, he has made a basically dull movie, then livened it up, so to speak, with violence, hanging, impalement (several varieties), decapitation, defenestration and attempted infanticide. Gregory Peck, Lee Remick, Billie Whitelaw and David Warner perform well enough in Satanic surroundings, and the camera work is interesting, but the total effort is never convincing enough to give the devil his due. But take heart, horror fans—judging from the closing scenes, "Son of Omen" is imminent. (Coronet, Geneva Drive-In, SF)—Z.J.

Stay Hungry

Jeff Bridges plays a rich Southerner whose wealth is a pressing weight and who tries to get a lift out of life by muscling in on the bizarre cult of pumping iron. The meat of the plot concerns Bridges' search for himself through the jungle of the gym, leaving the Titans only a small scene or two to traffic for themselves. (Bridge, SF)—Z.J.

Every Man for Himself and God Against All

Director Werner Herzog has recreated the tale of Kaspar Hauser, the young man who appeared in Nuremberg's town square on day in 1828 carrying a letter stating that for all of his 17 years he had been locked in a dark cellar, deprived of both human contact and the light of day. His slow adjustment to so-called civilized society is recorded in all its painfulness, and his basic simplicity and directness make him often appear far less of an oddity than his tutors. (Clay, SF.)—Z.J.

The Outlaw Josey Wales

Moving right along with the vengeance-violence formula, this is the sort of film where 12 bad guys ride up and Clint Eastwood kills all 24 of them. It's set in the post-Civil War era; Southerner Josey Wales (Eastwood) turns renegade rather than surrender to the Yankees who murdered his wife and son. As a dubious legend whose aim with a stream of tobacco juice is as deadly as his draw, he attracts a few loyal supporters, including a pockmarked humorist, entirely lovable Indian, Lone Watie (Chief Dan George). The rest of the overlong film is a corpse-strewn account of everyone trying to get Josey Wales, resulting in an odd mixture of mayhem, humor, near-horror and a PG rating. Eastwood fans will probably love it. (Parkway, Oakland, Berk; Coliseum D/I, Oakland, Rancho D/I, San Pablo; Union D/I, Union City, Festival, Hayward, Regency, Pleasant Hill.)—Z.J.

The Man Who Skied Down Everest

This stunning tone poem whose narrative is etched on the mind in Oriental calligraphy is the story of 37-year-old Japanese skier/scholar Yuchira Mura's attempt to ski down the icy face of the highest mountain peak in the world, Mt. Everest. The pilgrimage, with its 850 men, 27 tons of luggage and tremendously sophisticated equipment, provides as much suspense, drama, emotion and tragedy in the 185-mile trek from Katmandu to the foot of the mountain as the "day of the great downhill" itself, and the gradual ascent is a study in cold, cruel beauty with its breathtaking perpendicular rises and vertical climbs. A magnificent triumph of filmmaking that has won the 1975 Academy Award for best documentary. (Cinema Stonestown, SF)—Z.J.



Marty Feldman eyes Sivi Abery in "Silent Movie."

Silent Movie

This Mel Brooks-directed mish-mash of humor has Brooks playing a has-been director with Marty Feldman and Dom DeLuise as his zany cronies all trying to sell their idea for a modern silent movie to studio chief Sid Caesar and prevent take-over by the villainous conglomerate, Engulf & Devour. The plot, however, is little more than a peg for innumerable sight gags that run the slapstick scale from feeble to frantically funny and, considering there's only one word spoken in the 86-minute movie, it works surprisingly well. But someone should tell Mel that too much of the humor has come out of the water closet and may wipe away the first flush of enthusiasm for those beyond adolescent humor. (Metro, SF)—Z.J.

Buffalo Bill and the Indians

Paul Newman plays William F. Cody as a media myth a trifle insecure astride a horse and often buffeted by the high-pressure huckstering of his Joel Grey-headed public relations staff. The film cleverly and hilariously superimposes modern p.r. methods and jargon on 1880's characters and slyly pokes fun at the whole fabrication of superstar build-up, while pint-sized Sitting Bull (Frank Kaglits) outsmarts them all without saying a word (but then, he's got a bigger and better flack in Will Sampson). Director Robert Altman's touch falters only in the closing scenes when he doesn't seem to know how to end it all, so, disappointingly, he simply lets it fade away. (Alhambra I, Empire I, Spruce Drive In I, Serramonte I and 2)—Z.J.

Logan's Run

This movie owes considerably more to Flash Gordon than it does to Stanley Kubrick, although director Michael Anderson has come up with some imaginative sets that keep you fairly firmly in the 23rd century. It's full of flaws and errors, however, and the plot is so confusing its message is up for grabs, except that the "Don't trust anyone over 30" syndrome is carried to exterminating lengths. Michael York does his best with an undemanding role, Jenny Agutter seems incapable of expression of any sort, and it's up to Peter Ustinov to give the film its only worthwhile moments. On a scale of zero to 2001 rate this 200. (Alexandria, SF)—Z.J.

Face to Face

Death, like taxes, is the certainty that has tormented Ingmar Bergman. Here he expresses his fear through his protagonist, a woman psychiatrist. Unable to bear what is not happening to her, she attempts suicide. Bergman communicates his fear—and also his confusion, for the film is full of paths that lead nowhere, but one sure and certain thing is Liv Ullmann's brilliantly cathartic performance as the physician who cannot heal herself. (Surf, SF)—Z.J.

The Bad News Bears

The bad news is only in the title—the good news is that director Michael Ritchie has hit one out of the ballpark in this baseball-grounded story of switching losers into winners. You'll have a ball with this little-league microcosm of adult behavior. Not only does it never allow sentiment to lapse into sentimentality, but it hits home on a lot of unexpected bases. (Century Complex, Pleasant Hill; Hyatt, Burlingame, Festival Cinema, Walnut Creek.)—Z.J.

All the President's Men

Even if you loathe the politics, want to-forget Watergate and think of Robert Redford as just another pretty face, director Alan Pakula's edge-of-the-chair, Washington-Post-tells-all thriller will keep you riveted. Their efforts add up to two hours and ten minutes of total enthrallment—not bad, considering you already know how it all comes out. (Plaza, Daly City; Regency II, SF; Showcase, Oakland; Cinema I, Corte Madera; Redwood, Redwood City)—Z.J.

THEATER

Mini-Reviews

Bullshot Crummond

Tues.-Fri., 8:30 pm; Sat. 8 and 10:30 pm; Sun., 7:30 pm; Hippodrome Theatre, 412 Broadway, SF, 982-2343, \$7-\$5.

By and large a delightful old potboiler combining elements of vaudeville and British music hall comedy. Everything's here — an uncommonly handsome hero (very dastardly villain of Teutonic origins; a wispy blond, sweet young thing; thrills, chills and chases galore. — M.S.

An Evening at Widow Begbick's

Fri.-Sat. at 8:30 pm, Old Spaghetti Factory, 478 Green, SF, 863-6619, \$4.50-\$3.50.

This cabaret entertainment scores some solid strokes but falls short of the evocation of Twenties Berlin it tries to be. The Brecht-Weill songs still skewer their bourgeois targets to the proletarian wall, but their acid is somewhat diluted by time and events, abetted by the uneven cast. — R.C.

Moonschildren

Thurs.-Sat. at 8:30 pm. Open Theater, 441 Clement nr. 6th Ave., SF, 751-3069, \$4/\$3 srs., students.

Eight college kids crammed in a run-down apartment make love rather than war, attend an occasional rally and end the semester with bad

tastes in their mouths as their friendly landlord rips them off for the \$50 security deposit. The work's comic ironies and high spirits make it worth seeing. — F.F.

Snoopy!!!

Tues.-Fri. at 8:30 pm, Sat. at 6 and 9:30 pm, Sun. at 3 and 7:30 pm. Little Fox Theatre, 533 Pacific Ave., SF, 434-4738, \$8.50-\$5.50.

This family-style musical comedy based on the famous "Peanuts" comic strip is staged by skilled professionals who certainly know how to entertain their audiences. For my taste, however, I just wish Charles Schulz would confine his Peanuts characters to the comic strip and not authorize their appearance everywhere from T-shirts to the stage. — A.D.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

Fri.-Sun., 8 pm, 2525 8th St., Berk., 548-7677, \$352.

The Berkeley Playhouse Company gives an exciting and effective revival of Edward Albee's most popular play, a work that is unexcelled in its portrayal of verbal cruelty (both shrewd and crude) as the predominant mode of communication in marriage. — A.D.

Theater reviews by Andrew Cohn, Arthur Diamond, Frederick Feid, John Angell Grant and Richard Chrisman.



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continued from page 2

of the trouble (the timing of the unionizing drive was too coincidental), as well as the provider of the opportunity for going weekly and getting its own building, could hardly be stretching very far with the new expenses. Anyone with any sense of what it takes to run a business would know the Guardian would need at least a year to get through the transition and settle into what it could do financially with its new schedule. The "unionizers" gave it only a few months, or was it even that long? As they found themselves suddenly walking across carpeted floors (I was impressed with my visit to the building) in more space than they had seen in years, were they overcome with the need to "get their cut?"

It is difficult for me to believe a "management" who raises any salaries nearly 100% is oblivious to its workers' needs. It also makes sense that seeing money flow out faster than it's coming in over a lengthy period would instill fear in the hearts of those responsible for the life of the organization. The strikers seem to be oblivious to how many sweaty palms are involved in managing a small, always-struggling enterprise. The *only* complaint I've heard so far that I can support is the request that all workers be given at least a week's notice (or, presumably, equivalent pay) when laid off. But continued demands for "more money immediately" cause me to say, "If money is really your main issue, the Bay Guardian is not for you."

But I don't believe the cold

facts ever tell the whole story, and to continue to point to them as the only argument worth considering leaves the picture half painted. I have never yet worked anywhere (five jobs in 18 or so years) without "knowing" who was and who was not by their own volition a "member of the team" and likely, therefore, to put forth that extra bit of themselves that obliterated the rift between them and "management." It seems apparent that some of the Guardian people are "on the team" and some are not. Those who are not have set about demanding compensation for their own inability to belong, while the team members continue to work. To demand from the Bay Guardian things it cannot currently give is rather like calling upon an adolescent, who is only now walking firmly, to run a race with the track stars. The clincher comes with the realization that the pushers are members of its own family.

I'm afraid the strikers come across as immature foot-stampers, rather than mature adults with reasonable complaints against a "management" that is deliberately doing them in. It just doesn't fit.

Dunn told me they were expecting a "successful strike". I can only respond that strikes are almost never what can be called "successful". Innately, strikes are an admission of failure, and very often cause more loss to both sides than can ever be recovered. Only in extreme cases are they warranted, and this case can hardly be termed extreme. In a small, intimate enterprise like the Bay Guardian, where nearly half the workers, not counting the

"supervisors," remained on the job (obviously the team members), the strike could hardly be called "successful," even if the paper was able to grant every demand. Success involves goodwill where I come from, particularly in a case like this.

A final note in this regard: A week or so ago, I overheard who I believe to be a former Guardian reporter tell someone she was "very happy" about the strike. Who would be "happy" about a strike? I would hardly expect *either* side to be "happy" about such a thing. Personal grudges are tricky things—I've had a few of my own on occasion. While they aren't easy to handle, they can cause a lot of personal growth if dealt with directly. But deriving "pleasure" from seeing people's lives disrupted, on *both* sides, for whatever the reason, seems a sadly misplaced sense of gratification.

I believe the Guardian will ultimately get on its feet. There is an enormous need for such a publication, and such needs will be filled, in the same way that water seeks its own level. Those who are putting forth patience and loyalty now will be the ones reaping the rewards when the paper progresses beyond its break-even point.

—Marilyn Clark

San Francisco

Ed.: During negotiations, the Guardian's publisher offered a week's pay or notice on all layoffs. The employees who were laid off in the economic cutback last November received a week's pay, which had been the Guardian's policy since the beginning of publication in 1966.

A CHOICE OR AN ECHO?

My Webster's defines alternative as "providing or necessitating a choice between two...things." You've been claiming, very loudly it seems to me, to be an alternative newspaper for quite a while now. Let me see if I can recall what it is you've done that you claim justifies that title.

1. Your much touted one article a week of investigative reporting. This may be on any of your half-dozen favorite subjects. The same articles have been recycled so many times that I wonder if you're even aware that anything else is going on.

2. Your progressive political stance on the bourgeois elections. This is readily evidenced by your Harvey Milk scandal.

3. The structure of your paper, i.e., your comments about "the Guardian is everyone who works here." So are the Bank of America and American Airlines. The fact remains that you *own* the paper and accrue profits therefrom and the people who work for you don't.

4. Your strike. Gee, it sure is nice of you, Mr. Brugmann, sir, to offer a whole week's vacation time generously accruable to *two* weeks! I think the slogan about bringing the Guardian into the Twentieth Century more than appropriate. Why *can't* you give the same benefits as the Ex/Chron? Is your product inferior? Or are your advertising ethics too strict? Ha! Ha!

—Kenneth R. Johnson
Berkeley

'ETHEREAL POLITICS'

Is your news blackout on the Alameda County Workers strike reflective of the same cosmic concern for the dreary business of earning a living (for gawd's sakes) that caused you to drive your employees to strike? Or does it spring from a decent embarrassment over the obvious comparisons between you and union busters like Fred G. Cooper? Or quite possibly it comes merely as a logical outgrowth of employing a "labor reporter" who crosses picket lines "gladly."

Nice as it may be to buddy up to the alternative press, with its liberal concerns and humane causes, your recent wavering in the face of the SF craft workers debacle, your own labor difficulties, and the absence of reporting on any current labor struggles, in particular the lower paid Alameda County employees' courageous battle for reasonable salary upgrading, suggests a correlation between ethereal politics and a deteriorating militant stance. . . .

—Candida Ellis
Oakland

P.S. Did your labor reporter graduate from Princeton or Hahvahd?

Ed: Michael Miller, our associate editor who is reporting on the Guardian strike for the duration, graduated from the University of Kansas. Jerry Roberts, our reporter who covered the SF city employees' strike and is now on strike himself, graduated from Harvard.

GUARDIAN CLASSIFIEDS

LEGAL NOTICES

FOR INFORMATION ON PLACING LEGAL NOTICES — SF only

The Bay Guardian was adjudicated a newspaper of general circulation in San Francisco County on November 5, 1975, and can now publish your legal notices. Call Steve at 824-2506 for charter rates and information.

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19461

The following persons are doing business as: A. MUSE, 2120 Larkin Street, -201, San Francisco, CA 94109.
Janet Phillips, 2120 Larkin St. -201, San Francisco, CA 94109.
Gwen Phillips, 2037 Hyde Street -2, San Francisco, CA 94109.
This business is conducted by an unincorporated association other than a partnership.
Signed Janet Lee Phillips

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk F. Melaneph on June 25, 1976.

Pub Dates: July 8, 15, 22, 29, 1976.
B-70626

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19474

The following person is doing business as: GROG, 674 Douglass Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.
Gerald J. Veverka, 647 Douglass Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.
This business is conducted by an individual.
Signed Gerald J. Veverka

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk F. Melaneph on June 28, 1976.

Pub Dates: July 8, 15, 22, 29, 1976.
B-70649

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19504

The following person is doing business as: BELEROPHON BOOKS, 133 Steuart St., San Francisco, CA 94105.
Ellen Knill, separately, 2320 Broadway, San Francisco, CA 94105.
This business is conducted separately by an individual.

Signed Ellen Knill

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk F. Melaneph on June 29, 1976.

Pub Dates: July 8, 15, 22, 29, 1976.
B-70653

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19514

The following person is doing business as: NOIR ENAMELCRAFT/NOIR GALLERY/NOIR WORKSHOP, 22 Isis Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.
Loralee Vigne, 22 Isis Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.

This business is conducted by an individual.
Signed Lorelee Vigne

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk F. Melaneph on June 30, 1976.

Pub Dates: July 8, 15, 22, 29, 1976.
B-70651

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19546

The following persons are doing business as: DELLEN PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1441 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, CA 94109.
Donald E. Dellen, 1232 Sutter St., San Francisco, CA 94109.
Dividend Industries, 3600 Pruneridge Ave., San Jose, CA.
This business is conducted by a limited partnership.
Signed Donald E. Dellen

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk P.W. Murphy on July 2, 1976.

Pub Dates: July 8, 15, 22, 29, 1976.
B-70652

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19455

The following persons are doing business as: SAN FRANCISCO BRIDGE COMPANY, 311 California Street, San Francisco, CA.
Unico Enterprises, Inc. (Delaware) 311 California Street, San Francisco, CA.
Joseph Arthur King, President, 880 Gamino Del Mar, San Francisco, CA.

This business is conducted by a corporation.
Signed Unico Enterprises, Inc.
Joseph A. King, President.

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk F. Melaneph on June 25, 1976.

Pub Dates: July 8, 15, 22, 29, 1976.
B-70625

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19433

The following persons are doing business as: DESIGN CENTRAL, 14 Spear St. San Francisco, CA 94105.
Robert A. Chodak, 100 Broderick #606 St. Ca 94117.

Peter L. Taylor, 858 Lombard, SF Ca.
This business is conducted by limited partnership.
Signed Robert A Chodak
Peter Taylor

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk Richard F. Metter on June 24, 1976.

Pub. Dates: July 1, 8, 15, 22, 1976.
B-70614

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19409

The following person is doing business as: MISTER ESCORT, 1800 Market St. #105, SF CA 94102.
Domenic F. D'Ortenzio, 250 Fell St. #57, SF, CA 94102.

This business is conducted by an individual.
Signed Domenic F. D'Ortenzio

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk Richard F. Metter on June 22, 1976.

Pub Dates: July 1, 8, 15, 22, 1976
B-70613

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19460

The following person is doing business as: BOUNTY HUNTER, 795 Pine, Suite 42, San Francisco, CA 94108.
Thomas M. Orman, 795 Pine, Suite 42, San Francisco, CA 94108.

This business is conducted by an individual.
Signed Thomas M. Orman

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk F. Melaneph on June 25, 1976.

Pub Dates: July 8, 15, 22, 29, 1976.
B-70627

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19356

The following person is doing business as: PLASTER-CRAFTS OF SAN FRANCISCO, 158 11th St. San Francisco, CA 94103.
Allen Lester Erickson, 136 Stillings Avenue, San Francisco CA 94131.

This business is conducted by an individual.
Signed Allen L. Erickson

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk Richard F. Metter on June 16, 1976.

Pub Dates: June 24, July 1, 8, 15, 1976.
B-70577

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19486

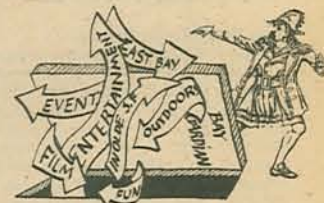
The following person is doing business as: COLYA PUBLICATIONS, 58 Perine Place, San Francisco, CA 94115.
Nicholas McIlwraith, 58 Perine Place, San Francisco, CA 94115.

This business is conducted by an individual.
Signed Nicholas McIlwraith

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk Richard F. Metter on June 29, 1976.

Pub Dates: July 8, 15, 22, 29, 1976.
B-70650

The Bay Area?



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In Propria Persona
ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE
FOR CHANGE OF NAME
No. 708-273

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Application of JOSEPH FLOYD KEY for Change of Name.

The application of JOSEPH FLOYD KEY for change of name, having been filed in Court and it appearing from said application that JOSEPH FLOYD KEY has filed an application proposing that his name be changed to JOSEPH CHRISTOPHER McKEY.

Now, therefore, it is hereby ordered and directed that all persons interested in said matter do appear before this Court in Department 1 on the 10th day of August, 1976 at 9 o'clock A.M. of said day to show cause why the application for change of name should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published in the SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN, a newspaper of general circulation, printed in said county, at least once each week for four successive weeks prior to the day of said hearing.
Dated this 23rd day of June, 1976.
ROBERT J. DREWES
Judge of said Superior Court

Pub Dates: July 8, 15, 22, 29, 1976.
B-70647

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19312

The following person is doing business as: HARVEST MOON, 339 Judah St. San Francisco CA 94122.

Marta Silvia Solotar, 1247 8th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94122.
This business is being conducted by an individual
Signed Marta Silvia Solotar

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk Richard F. Metter on June 14, 1976.

Pub Dates: June 24, July 1, 8, 15, 1976.
B-70572

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19302

The following persons are doing business as: ALL THIS PLUS 482 Alvarado St., SF CA 94114.
Jerry Dinerstein, 482 Alvarado St., SF CA 94114.

Sandy Sholder, 482 Alvarado St., SF, CA 94114.
This business is conducted by general partnership
Signed Jerry Dinerstein

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk Richard F. Metter on June 11, 1976.

Pub Dates: June 24, July 1, 8, 15, 1976.
B-70573

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19331

The following person is doing business as: EYE LOVE PHOTOGRAPHS, LITTLE WONDER DAZZLE COMPANY, 7 Casa Way, SF CA 94123.
Dennis Briskin, 7 Casa Way, SF CA 94123.

This business is conducted by an individual.
Signed Dennis Briskin

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk Richard F. Metter on June 15, 1976.

Pub Dates: June 24, July 1, 8, 15, 1976.
B-70576

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19330

The following person is doing business as: THE THUMBTRACK BUGLE, H.B. ROCK, MANHUNT JOB FILLERS, THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL COMPANY 495 3rd Avenue #8, San Francisco, CA 94118.

Richard Hurn French, 495 3rd Ave. #8, San Francisco, CA 94118.

This business is conducted by an individual.
Signed Richard French

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk Richard F. Metter on June 15, 1976.

Pub Dates: June 24, July 1, 8, 15, 1976.
B-70575

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FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19355

The following persons are doing business as: CANDAN PRODUCTIONS, 1700 Mason Street, SF, CA 94133.

John D. Contu, 1700 Mason St., SF, CA 94133.
Patricia Daniels, 1700 Mason St., SF CA 94133.

This business is conducted by general partnership.

Signed John D. Contu
This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk Richard F. Metter on June 16, 1976.

Pub Dates: June 24, July 1, 8, 15, 1976.
B-70578

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

File No. 19316

The following persons are doing business as: ESTATE V PROPERTIES 2154 Broderick Street, San Francisco, CA 94115.

Robert L. Littell (General partner) 3340 Washington St., SF CA

Joyce V. Littell (General partner) 3340 Washington St., SF CA

Anne Breckenridge (Limited partner) 1580 Jackson St., SF CA 94109.

This business is conducted by Limited partnership.
Signed Anne Breckenridge

This statement was filed with Carl M. Olsen, the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, California by clerk Richard F. Metter on June 14, 1976.

Pub Dates: June 24, July 1, 8, 15, 1976.
B-70574

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FIAT 124 heavy duty 4-door wagon. New four wheel discs. Good engine transmission. One dent. Radials. Sacrifice: \$950 firm. 824-4716.

'67 VW SOBK. Stick-good body and engine-must sell \$850. Call evenings 332-6706

CAR BUYERS

ANY NEW CAR...\$125 ABOVE DEALERS ACTUAL COST. Send name, phone number and \$8.50 to: AUTO PRICING, INC., 2219 Ortega St., SF 94122. No obligation — just information. Money Back Guarantee.

BUYING A USED CAR? Don't get a LEMON! Independent Evaluation Service protects YOU! Telephone 665-2487

MERCEDES-BENZ

Will buy. Any condition. Any year.
Autobahn Service & Repair 334-0119

1975 Toyota Celica GT for sale. air am/fm radio, excellent condition, low mileage, \$4800 or best offer. 665-6529 before 2 pm.

Capri 1971 4 speed stick 1600 CC. 77,000 miles. \$750. 387-0664.

BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

SF Women's Center/Switchboard Library open to women 10 am-10 pm daily. Have books, periodicals and resource books by and for women. Call us at 434-1414 for info or books to donate.

CHEAPOS

The Guardian Cheapos are a mini-bargain basement of items FOR SALE or WANTED. You can place a CHEAPO for \$2 (Ads must be a maximum of 10 words, must be private party ads, items wanted or for sale must be \$50 or less and the price must appear in the ad. ADS FOR FREE ITEMS WILL BE RUN FREE!! You must say it's free in the ad.) Send to GUARDIAN CHEAPOS, GUARDIAN BUILDING, 2700-19th St., SF, CA 94110.

Free firewood and scrap lumber. Call 707-644-5995 days, 843-7368 eves.

Beautiful Persian cat. Mellow, fixed, needs a new home. FREE. Call 826-1150 or 282-4595.

"The Complete Uncollected J.D. Salinger" vols. 1 & 2 \$25/offer. Brian. 776-8174.

Earn some extra \$ distributing back issues—if you can get off on the sun and Bay Guardian. Strike conditions exist. Call Georgia Otterson at 824-7660.

30-Gal. operating aquarium w/all accessories. \$50.00 firm. 673-7016.

Chair Caning! Free kitty with every chair caned. Offer good while supply lasts. Call Susan at 282-5661.

CHILDCARE

PRIVATE, LICENSED DAYCARE
IN PAC. HEIGHTS
8:30 TO 1:30 MONDAY THRU FRIDAY
AGES 3-7 YRS.
EMPHASIS ON CREATIVE
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ACTIVITIES
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Full-time creative, stimulating program for ages 3 1/2-6. Experienced teachers. 648-1720.

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Have Space Shoe fit at Earth Shoe prices. Peoples' shoes are today's best footwear value.
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CLOTHES TREE BOUTIQUE. Cheap Chic! Funky Flash! 2202 Judah and 27th Ave. Call 411 for new phone number.

Custom made clothing

Gowns, Embroidery, Kathleen 386-6868

Handmade heirloom Indonesian wedding blouses for wholesale prices. Call Cheryl evenings. 707-823-2969.

hand made Guatemalan shirts sewn by an American from authentic cloths-colorful, with added seam length. Call 648-3206.

COUNSELING

PERSONAL COUNSELING

Alameda \$15.00/per hour Ron Bradley, M.A. call 521-8220.

Richard Morril, Ph.D. Specializing in short-term, reality counseling. Fees based on ability to pay. Phone: 928-7755.

The Center Within

Primal process. Intensive and follow-up. Sliding scale. 20 Mather Rd., San Anselmo (415) 456-4588, (415) 453-6967.

THE CLEARING

Offering counseling evolved from primal therapy. Flexible intensives. PO Box 835, San Rafael 94902. 457-4622. We'll return your call.

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Groups for women who want to experience orgasm. Helen Hendricks, M.S. Linda Hoche, M.S. Licensed Marriage & Family Counselors 661-1670

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A therapeutic Dance Experience leading to mind-body integration. Contact your UNIQUE, natural movement and energy. I work with all levels. Ruth Gould, MA Dance Therapy, NYU. 451-8261, 841-6500 Box 391.

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Recovering over-all vibrance by expressing to completion islands of held energy. (frozen emotions, fear, anger, sorrow). Thereby making room for our living flow. (trust, love and joy). Thus resonating with the living pulsations around us. Les Kayser, M.A. Licensed Counselor, college psychology instructor. 933-5083, 820-4507.

INTEGRAL COUNSELING CENTER

A Holistic approach — harmonizing and integrating the spiritual, mental, emotional and physical aspects of one's being.

CRISIS AND GROWTH COUNSELING

Sliding fee scale. 3736 20th St., 648-2644.

feeling training center: primal alternative in los angeles. primal group forming in the bay area. (415) 648-4577 (213) 933-8701

HYPNOSIS

Know and better yourself through self-hypnosis. Ethical, qualified, highly trained hypnotists. 776-4260.

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Group, individual, intensive. A journey of a thousand miles starts with one step. Chris Elms M.A. 849-4762.

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FIND A JOB YOU ENJOY!

Seminars, individual counseling, Resumes. Call for no-cost interview.

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San Francisco (415) 929-8150 or 929-8161
Recognized Career Experts

Physician's Assistant & Lab Technologist

Expanding G.P. seeks qualified, preferably certified persons for these positions. Mellow office. Fair salary with regular advancement, practice oriented toward holistic care for gay males. Reply Guardian Box 10-38-H.

I need 4 women for my growing business. Call Ann-Marie 826-2202.

Immediate openings for classified salespersons. Must be self-motivating. Exp. preferred. Temporary position. Strike conditions exist. Contact Linda J. Szyniszewski at 824-3322.

NEW BABY PLUS

Assorted household need Earth Mother House-keeper. Room, board, small salary. Flexibility paramount. Will consider couple. Knowledge Mandarin helpful. 861-8450.

MODELS

Pretty Females wanted for magazine work. 665-6959.

ACCOUNTANTS-BOOKKEEPERS
Temporary assignments. Apply 681 Market St. Accountants Temporary Staff. Call 495-TEMP.

LEGAL SECRETARY

for small public-interest sex discrimination firm near Federal Bldg. Type 70 wpm. 4 Attorneys. Variable work flow. Must be independent and resourceful. Nontraditional atmosphere. \$750/month plus benefits. Send resume to ERA, Inc., 433 Turk Street, S.F. 94102.

SECRETARY/PERSON-FRIDAY

Foreign-born choreography/fashion-designer needs secretary/person-Friday without social hang-ups to help:

• Locate studio • Recruit models/dancers, lighting, sound & backstage personnel • Organize audition & rehearsal schedule for mid-August performances • Coordinate wardrobe • Publicize performances & keep records of all related publicity.

Applicants should include minimum salary requirement. Write Guardian Box. 10-41-O.

BAY GUARDIAN

Consumer reporter wanted-previous magazine/newsp. exp. necessary. Strike conditions exist. Send resume & copies of clips to Kim Dunster, Bay Guardian, 2700 19th St., SF, CA 94110

Guardian Classifieds has an opening for full-time Manager-Salesperson. Energetic, organized, previous experience nec. Strike conditions exist. Call Linda J. Szyniszewski at 824-3322.

Paste-up artist wanted for temporary work. Must be fast & accurate at heavy layout and ad work. Previous newsp./mag. exp. essential. Strike conditions exist. Call Kim, 824-7660.

Immediate openings for classified sales persons. Must be self-motivating. Exp. preferred. Temporary position. Strike conditions exist. Contact Linda J. Szyniszewski at 824-3322

We need distributors. Strike conditions exist. Call Georgia Otterson at 824-7660.

Co-op Group Legal Business Manager, service organization, budget, payroll, statistics, fiscal reports. Salary negotiable. 549-1800

Co-op Legal Education & Member Relations Manager, communications, organizing, media. Legal experience required. Salary negotiable. 549-1800

Director of Community Residential Program for mentally retarded persons in small group homes. BA, RN or equivalent. Experience, especially with profoundly retarded persons valued highly. Send resume to MARC, PO Box 55, San Rafael, CA 94902

VEGETARIAN COOK

with experience serving large groups. For healing retreat in the country. Begin 7/30, 3-7 days work. \$25 per day. Send resume to workshop, 912 Ensenada, Berkeley 94707.

Secretary for small education/psychology institute in San Francisco. Good typing, organizing skills a must. Full time, varied duties in small office. Call 323-9615.

Mature adolescent models needed by amateur photographer. Female & male. No porn. Must be come-ly, tall, svelte. Modest pay. Reply in confidence: Box 101, 1375 Calif., SF 94109.

Counselor psychiatric half-way house. 1/4 time \$510.00 per month and independent living counselor 1/2 time \$310.00 B.A. or 1 year experience. Send name and address by July 23 to 921 Lincoln Way S.F. 94122 for information. An Affirmative Action Employer.

FAMILY COUNSELOR

Needed to work w/families of low-income preschool children part-time, 1976-77 school year. Related education and experience required. Send resume to: 50 Raymond Avenue, San Francisco by July 24. No calls.

PRE-SCHOOL TEACHERS

Needed for fall. Must have California pre-school teacher's certificate and teaching experience w/ low-income families. Send resume to: 50 Raymond Avenue, San Francisco, by July 24. No calls.

DO-ANYTHING-ASST.

helper/partner needed by energetic inventor-mfr. working on alternate-energy, etc. PREFERRED: Uncommitted young woman who is alert, articulate, athletic, fearless, funny, honest, independent. IDEALIZED: Business experience, construction/shop skills, feminist/humanist orientation. EXCLUDED: Users of nicotine or other drugs. Send resume, letter or just phone number to George, Box 1202, Berkeley, 94701.

NATIVE RUSSIAN SPEAKER wanted to coach conversational fluency. Recent emigre preferred; English unnecessary. George, 655-1100.

We need an administrative secretary/bookkeeper to run our small technical service organization. Located on Alameda estuary. Ideal situation for female looking for responsibility and some permanence. Flexible hours. Relaxed atmosphere. Salary commensurate with skills. Reply by hand and tell us about yourself and what you are looking for. Include phone number if you like. Box 10-41-K.



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398-8680

People are our business. Every applicant, every client gets special attention. We have the RIGHT jobs with the RIGHT companies at the RIGHT salaries. Our specialty is legal, but we have many other interesting positions, either temporary or permanent, with prestigious San Francisco companies. Come by for a chat and a cup of tea—see for yourself why we have gained such a fine reputation and discover the many interesting positions open in your field.

NO FEE

256 MONTGOMERY STREET

SPECIAL FEMALE wanted to photograph for Penthouse. Gallery. Up to \$100/hr. Rich, weekdays 788-0593

Childcare wanted. Working parents seek half-time help with 3-year-old boy. \$50 a week for 30 (afternoon) hours. Call after July 13. 564-4575.

Serious photographer seeks erotic m/f models for artistic studio work. Send recent composites or rep photos to Guardian Box 10-41-D.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED

Young (22), intelligent, conscientious person looking for full or part time, working/learning position in graphic arts. Call Frank 775-7035.

HOUSE-CLEANING/YARDWORK

By male student. Anywhere SF. 826-5337. Monday to Friday, 9-11 am.

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Preserve and protect your copies of the Bay Guardian. Our durable and attractive library case will hold up to 30 issues for ready references. Size: 17 3/4 x 3 3/4 x 11 1/2. Color: black with gold Bay Guardian logo.

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POPULAR PIANIST will enliven your parties and gatherings. Background-music or singalong. Steve 848-7142 ext. 12.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PARTY

Show with exotic bellydancers, entertaining by Pancho Poormand. July weekends — 10th, 11th, 17th, 18th, 24th, 25th, 8:30 p.m. \$2 donation. At The Intersection. 756 Union.

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Get a little package in the mail. SAVE by mail order. 250 tabs, 500 mg. — ONLY \$3.15. Check or money order to:

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O'LALLIE BLACKBERRIES

Pick your own, 37¢ pound. Signs 28 miles south Half Moon Bay Highway 1. Friday, Saturday, Sunday 9-5. 879-0414.

GARAGE SALE

PLANTS [RARE] AND ANTIQUES

Everything has to go — cheap — Saturday and Sunday. 38 Ashbury, off Fulton Street. 752-3686.

GROUPS

REALITY CHEQUE

Experiential communication group to learn persuasive games while enhancing your personal and professional life. Realities 931-3026.

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

to find out what's happening this week in the Bay Area personal growth programs, seminars, films, and events, etc. . . call the

COMMON GROUND TELEPHONE CALENDAR

24 hrs. ph. **922-5300.**

WOMEN! HOW TO MEET MEN

Learn non-threatening, successful, self-actualizing meeting skills. Gain confidence. Cope with rejection. Previously shy, instructors will share feelings, assertiveness training, provide support. Judy Smith and Jim Spillane. Saturday July 17, 9-5 pm. Call Judy 776-5036. 6-10 pm.

TOGETHER AND FREE DISCUSSION GROUPS

Together and Free is a new discussion group, focusing on communication between men and women within a social environment stressing support and honesty. The group is primarily a social gathering. Meets every Friday evening. Public: \$2.50. Students: \$2. Topics for discussion: Friday evening, 7:30 pm, July 16 — "Creative assertiveness — how does one construct a more creative relationship without destroying it." Lecture: Making relationships work. Single events, Tuesday Evening, 8 pm. Lecture: The Great Goddess. The California Club of California, 1750 Clay St. at Van Ness, SF 94109. 563-3874.

T-A GESTALT GROUPS

Let go of old self-destructive ways and re-decide how you will live your life. Weekly groups, \$50 per 6 weeks or MediCal. Also occasional weekends. Call 548-7475.

SELF WORTH SEMINARS

For men and women who are expanding their consciousness of self. Respecting, forgiving, affirming and loving. Evenings include centering, learning and sharing. Molly Willett, MA. Humanist Psychologist and author of THE SELF CONNECTION. SF and Marin. \$5, phone 388-3692.

WOMEN'S ENVIRONMENT AWARENESS WEEKEND

USE SENSES, LEARN CAMP SKILLS, COOP TIPI (vg, beautiful setting, fun! July, Aug. \$40 (food incl'd) Nancy Rhoda teacher, camper, amateur naturalist 548-0759.

DANCE THERAPY

No prior experience in dance necessary. Two-hour groups designed to expand your capacity for self-expression, spontaneity, creativity, and relating to others. Time divided between movement sharing, discussion and video tape replay. Medi-Cal acceptable. San Francisco Dance-Movement Therapy Center, P.O. Box 15206, SF, CA 94115. 655-3590 (Medical) 989-8802 (Non-Medical).

DOORS TO AWARENESS

Friday nights, 8 pm, \$3. An alternative meeting place for singles. First Unitarian Church, Franklin at Geary, SF.

DIVORCE SUPPORT GROUPS

Gestalt awareness. Work, deal with loneliness, new lifestyles. Call Sandy McCulloch, 526-3322, 4-7 pm.

MASSAGE WEEKEND WORKSHOP IN THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

July 23-25 . . . August 13-15
Relax in the redwoods and enjoy a weekend learning the gentle art of massage at a secluded mountain retreat complete with pool, sauna, volleyball and hiking trails just 1 1/2 hours from San Francisco. Weekend includes food, lodging and instruction by certified massage staff.
Total cost - \$45.

A GUILD for GROWTH Presentation
Call 326-3707

WHATS HAPPENING?

to find out what's happening this week in the Bay Area personal growth programs, seminars, films, and events, etc. . . call the
COMMON GROUND
TELEPHONE CALENDAR

24 hrs. ph.

922-5300

SINGLE DIMENSIONS

Canoe Camping, Hot Springs, 6/19-20; Sailing Party, 6/27, 7/31; South Tahoe Weekend, 7/16-18; Information: 825-7024, 431-7686.

GROUP WORKSHOPS

MAKING CONTACT

One-day workshop on EXPLORING INTIMATE BEHAVIOR with Rene Tehista and Mary Dempsey. July 17 in Bolinas. Information: 922-6484.

HEALING OURSELVES WORKSHOP

July 30-Aug. 5 classes and celebration on a beautiful ranch in the Russian River area, 1 1/2 hours north of S.F. — Redwoods, Sweat lodge, showers and vegetarian meals provided. Bioenergetics, feminist therapy, vipassana meditation, dance jam, herbology, polarity massage, yoga and diet. The cost is \$35 for the weekends and \$90 for the whole week. For brochure call 841-6500 and leave your name and address.

WEEKEND SEMINAR

INTEGRAL MASSAGE TRAINING

Registrations now being accepted for weekend of July 23, 24, 25, at rustic mountain retreat. All methods fully demonstrated. Instruction, lodging, and delicious meals included in fee of \$35. Maximum enrollment of 45. Making Ways. 652-4403.

LIFE WORKS

When you handle anger, sex, love, relationships Free open house — Tuesday, July 13, 7:30 p.m. No 8 Charlton Court, San Francisco. 567-7766. Robert Cromey, Director.

SANTA CRUZ

SUMMER HEALING RETREAT

July 24 & 25

herb walks, herbs, iridology, fasting, homeopathy, Bach flowers, acupuncture, polarity, etc. Teachers will include: Michael Tierra, Efrem Korngold, Harriet Beinfeld, Al Drucker, Bob Menzies, Rosemary Gladstar and many other well known California healers. Please send total fee of \$25 (non-refundable) payable to:

SUN-AND-MOON HERB FARM

2083 Ocean St. Ext. Santa Cruz, CA 95060. (408) 425-0597. Price includes food & camping facilities. Map and other information will be sent.

MASSAGE WORKSHOP IN THE REDWOODS

August 6-8

August 27-29

a relaxing weekend learning to share your energy with a caring, nurturing style massage at a 30-acre retreat just 1 1/2 hrs. south of SF in the Santa Cruz Mts. The complete wkend-sauna, swimming pool, instruction, food and lodging — \$35

Our staff is certified and trained in massage, deep relaxation, and body movement.

An AHLEF recreation program
for registration call
285-1916 or 841-6500, ext. 388.

HOME FURNISHINGS

RUGS, unclaimed, 9 x 12, \$9.95 and up. Supreme Rug Cleaners, 2931 Geary Blvd. 752-9300.

BEAUTIFUL FOLDING BEDS

Folds into couch, chair, cushion. Also Futon mats, Zafus, extra warm comforters. Comfortable compact furniture, folding and box wood frames.

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Original designs by Dennis Taylor on display at 541 Castro or phone 821-4161.

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All mattress sizes in stock, 4" double — \$21.95. Sewing service, Cushions, Pads, Pillow Stuff.

FREE CUTTING

Folding beds from \$49.95, Roll-up mats \$13.95. Call for price and advice, 10-6, Mon.-Sat.
San Francisco 1500 Ocean Ave. 584-4150
Berkeley/Albany 1200 Solano Ave. 527-3626
San Anselmo 122 Tunstead 456-9363

INSTRUCTION

Wanted: Family to share home, culture w/student from France for 6 wks., beginning July 16. 653-4539

T'AI CHI CH'UAN INNER RESEARCH INSTITUTE

Call or write: 1135 Mission Street, SF 94103. Telephone: 621-2681.

Tutoring-Mathematics, Physics, Esten Buck (MA), 2542 Hilgard, Berk., 1st Floor, rear TH8-3346
Phone hours: 7-7:30 pm. Rates reasonable

GYMNASTICS

San Francisco's only private gymnastics club is now forming classes for girls and boys. No experience required, only interest! Head coach is a Russian gymnast with years of experience. Also open classes for body movement and slimnastics for women of all ages. 2901 Clement St., corner of 30th Avenue, SF. 668-4000.

Marina Green

SAILING SCHOOL

Reasonable Rates — Day or Nite — 992-0909.

T'AI CHI CH'UAN

I teach the positions, in sequence and in flow with care, privately. Peter, 282-4366.

I teach a fast method of learning French. It's easy. Cloe, 863-1426.

Tutoring-Mathematics, Physics, Esten Buck (MA), 2542 Hilgard, Berk., 1st floor, rear. TH8-3346.
Phone hours: 7-7:30 pm. Rates reasonable.

JAPANESE

Learn the language in the context of the culture. Small groups. Bay Area locations also private. 397-0843 (9 am-9 pm, 7 days, call again if no answer.)

SELF HEALING FOR WOMEN

Workshops in herbs, skin and body, diet, female disorders and natural birth control. Rita Weinstein, 388-8776.

HYPNOSIS

The basics of hypnosis and self-hypnosis in one week. A one week course in self-hypnosis for singles. Private lessons. Free consultation, certified union hypnotist local No. 472. Eugene Simpson, 546-6324.

SPANISH FRENCH CONVERSATION

Individual or small groups by experienced native teachers. Reasonable. Call 647-4317. 824-1524.

HOLOGRAPHY

LEARN 3D LASER PHOTOGRAPHY

Classes in Holography. No prerequisites. All equipment provided. Holograflix. 658-3200.

PRIMITIVE ARTS INSTITUTE

Study ancient and original arts techniques in the Sierra Mts. Basketmaking, burnished pottery, spinning and weaving, 3-dimensional design, soapstone, carving, origins of drama, poetry and magic. July 31-Aug. 1, Aug. 7, Aug. 8. Call 548-2061.

TANTRIC BUDDHIST

ICONOGRAPHY CLASS

Drawing, painting, sketching, etc. Tuesdays June 22 thru July 27 — 8:00 pm. Kailas Shugendo, 2358 Pine St., 922-5008.

Private instruction in Spanish by a native-speaking instructor in your home or mine. 861-8628.

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Now through August 6

All Saints' Day School, Carmel Valley

Calligraphy — Paper Making

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DANCE JAZZ

Open beginners class Tu.-Th. 7-9:30. Dancer's Repertory Theatre, 658-2035, 835-5089.

LEARN TO DANCE

MAKE NEW FRIENDS

Discotheque or Ballroom. Group or private lessons. Ruvano Studio, 465 Geary St., 4th floor. 474-5660.

SPECIAL HALF-PRICE OFFER!

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King Solomon's Half Off Spectacular!



Now! Place an ad in the "EMPLOYMENT, EMPLOYMENT/WANTED, SHARE RENTALS" or "SHARE RENTALS/WANTED" categories of the Guardian Classifieds for **HALF PRICE!** Simply figure the cost of your ad according to rates published in the Classified section of the Guardian, divide in half and mail to: **GUARDIAN CLASSIFIEDS** 2700 19th St., San Francisco, California 94110. (Solomon has half a mind to run an ad himself!)

Offer good from July 1 to July 29, 1976. Applies to above categories **ONLY.** (Sorry, regular percentage discounts do not apply to this special offer. . . .How can you beat 50% off anyway?)

I'm looking for a sensitive, creative, unselfish, and intelligent man who has outgrown his search for the perfect orgasm and isn't afraid of making a commitment. I'm 5'2", slender, 20, and into being natural, enjoy music and the arts, loving God, laughing a lot, the country spaces, and just digging life as it rolls along. I'm tired of physical encounters or sustained "unattached agreements" and would like to return to a firm, honest, growing type of relationship. I can care. Reply Guardian Box 10-40-C.

Personable but poor, single male, 34, seeks employee status in cohabitation contract with lady of means. Respond P.O. Box 6553, SF 94101.

MAIL GUARDIAN BOX RESPONSES TO 2700 19TH ST., SF, CA 94110.

Due to our legal liabilities, the Guardian will accept personal ads with Guardian boxes, P. O. boxes or mail service boxes ONLY. No phone numbers or private addresses will be published. Please see the coupon for price and box information. This policy applies ONLY to ads in the PERSONAL category.

Henry VIII Incarnate desires Annes of Cleveage. "So you can Seymour" do you say? Well, that's Parr for the course. Guardian Box 10-37-E.

TALK — Telephone Aid in Living with Kids. Free counseling by telephone for parents who are having problems which might involve children. Under stress, got a problem, just need someone to talk to? Call TALK 826-0800. Open 24 hours.

Single parent (boy-5, girl-3½); W/M 34 — 5'7" — 140 with large East Bay home, modest income, countryland, seeks mature, left-headed feminist mother to share holding on, letting go. Photc please. Guardian Box 10-40-H.

W/M, 48, above average intelligence seeks relationship with w/f above average intelligence 30 to 45 yrs. old. SF only write Guardian Box 10-40-J.

UNIVERSAL LIFE CHURCH
5 million members. Non-denominational. Ordination, \$10 donation; Honorary "D.D.", \$20, your own Church Charter, \$35. Universal Life Church, 4310 Sequoyah Road, Oakland, CA 94605, Bay Guardian Box 10-40-B.

Anne Fanne: the Tubes concert is over, n'est-ce pas? 'Tis time to launch into an era more classical—nay, more Brandenburg, verily. May yer heart be light & yer rent be cheap. Sincerely, Jersey Lily.

REAL ESTATE SALESPERSON WANTED

Superlative Commission incentive plan & support. Small Firm, Plush Fisherman's Wharf Office & Parking. (415) 928-3900.

(415) 928-3900

STEWARDESS WANTED

by young educated man who loves New Orleans, to help facilitate frequent flights through marriage arrangement. Would love to share New Orleans exp. if desired. Reply Jose, Box 10-41-J.

Seeking female travel companion for economical three month trip around S.E. Asia (Bali, Thailand, Nepal) in September. Financial assistance possible. Box 10-41-F.

Adventurous mid-50 man seeks congenial considerate mid-40 SF/woman with abundant good feelings to share cost, sun, October non-touristy Pacific trip. Write Bay Guardian P.O. 10-41-M.

PHYSICIAN/WRITER

31 w/m, good looking, sensitive, searching for long term relationship with gorgeous, bright, independent, warm, woman. Guardian Box 10-41-B.

Would like to hear from a woman who is verbal, pretty, companionable, literate, flexible with good sense of humor and good figure. Not just another pretty face, I am considerate, loving, eclectic, intellectually alive. 5'10½, 157 lbs, blue eyed, bearded and lite Jewish. Guardian Box 10-41-A.

Jewish man, 46, college graduate would like to meet Jewish woman 28 to 35. PO Box 2234, Alameda, Calif. 94501.

Scorpio architect, 29, wishes to meet women involved in the art or design professions. Guardian Box 10-41-C.

34-yr.-old white male living with another couple on 20 acre farm large rushing creek near Vancouver seeks lady to share lifestyle. Ron Kandle, PO Box 1652, Vedder Crossing, British Columbia, Canada VOX1Z0.

W/M, 23, grad student, musician, experienced and considerate lover seeks woman for friendship and sex without heavy involvement. Prefer older woman (married OK). Guardian box 10-41-P.

W/M univ. prof. 35, cerebral and sylvan is looking for an attractive woman, 20 to 30, to share things and see where it goes. Reply Tom, Apt. 507, 2140 Taylor St., SF 94133.

An attractive liberated woman, 49, 5'2", 110 lbs. seeks male companionship. I smoke, drink, like books, films, theater, music, good food, the outdoors. Respond Guardian Box 10-41-G.

Wealthy sportsman wants to meet attractive shapely woman, 35-50, to live in or spend weekends in plush home on golf course. If tired of work, struggle and want future financial security on permanent basis and finer things of life. Guardian Box 10-41-E.

Happy Birthday Rone, dear old coach, from the team at Everywoman's!

Ms. S.K.K., Thanks for calling me. Sorry I missed you. I was here doing what I do best. Next time I see you I'll give you back the money!

J.L.J.

Mrs. Angela
Astrology and
Tarot Card Reader
The most ancient and accurate way of fore-telling.
665-4097
in SF

W/M New-Age Tantric artist-minister-mystic seeks intimate permanent relationship with attractive, warm, sincere, spiritual-sensual lady under 45 into art, music, nature, occult sciences. God-consciousness is result of correctly done Tantric (sexual) union. Trust me. Write Box 6791, San Francisco 94101.

B.F. Skinner? We dig him. Mate and I seek to extend verbal community. Not a money trip. Reply Guardian Box 10-39-L.

Paradox of delightfully warm sensuality under demure presence. W/f, professional, happy with busy life. Seeking intelligent, sensitive male. Guardian Box 10-40-G.

Ramon: you're a clear, cool pool amongst the oil wells, with a happy clockwork-swan paddling through. Happy birthday, white magician, Rein.

Writer/student would like to meet a well-balanced mature woman who accepts her own intelligence but knows the value of human sensitivity. I am 25, enjoy books, talking, Tai Chi and music. Guardian Box 10-40-K.

Good looking, happy, communicative guy, recently divorced, interested in an open woman who isn't looking for marriage but who could appreciate sharing some time, space and emotion in an honest uncomplicated relationship. Box 13302, Oakland, 94661 I'm w/m and 32.

Male, 31, seeks bright helpmate, 18-28, to share rural lifestyle, I'm financially secure: into craftsmanship, real estate, motorcycling, and travel. Paul, P.O. Box 165, Sunol, Cal. 94586.

Attractive Oriental man seeks attractive, independent woman, 20's-early 30's for open relationship. Occupant, 1209 Sutter St., #2114, San Francisco 94109.

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Dear Dekay — Sorry I missed you in the pineapple bushes but things were pretty exciting in the coconut tree that day. Meet you there tomorrow. Love George.

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Tales of what city?

By Armistice Moppet

"Goddammit, hell, grrrrrr." Edgar Halcyon barked, as do dogs, over the telephone.

"What's the matter, dear?" hiccupped his obviously besotted wife, Frances, an eccentric, trivial woman.

Holding the receiver in his vise-tight grip, Edgar bellowed "Oooooooh, how dreadfully de-looked in the San Francisco phone book and I goddamn couldn't find our name, or any Halcyon for that matter."

After a gurgling noise not unlike champagne going down a woman's throat, Edgar heard: "ooooooh, how dreadfully delightful. How nicey nice."

"Nice? What do you mean nice, Franny?" Edgar shouted back, lava flowing out of his mouth.

"Yes, nice. I've been sitting here talking with Nigel Hustable, you know, the stereotype English gentleman."

"No, I goddamn don't."

"Pooh-pooh on you, Eddie. You know, the famous typical snob. Anyway, we decided that most people have dully dull boring names. We're lucky."

"Lucky?"

"Yes, lucky. Nigel says that Halcyon is very distinctive, almost literary. He says it is obviously symbolic."

"Oh Christ!" Edgar bemoaned stormily, in a daze. "But, but, goddamn you're right. It's good to be different—different than our friends, and they're all white. And, hell, the rest of the city's minorities, too. You're not gonna find any Chinamen with a name like Halcyon. But I just don't like the idea of not having a phone number—and me in advertising."

At this point "with it" Mona Ramsey walked in to office wearing a miniskirt that revealed her shapely white thighs. She was humming a Perry Como tune. Edgar said good-

bye to his wife and hung up the phone.

"I'm glad you finally made it, Mona. I want you to write a slogan for—wait a minute, what was that you were humming?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Halcyon, it was just a cool new platter out on the charts by the Italian crooner."

"Let's see," Edgar mused, scratching his head, "that would probably be Caruso, right?"

"You're a nice guy Mr. Halcyon, but I'm afraid you're hopelessly square, dig?"

"Goodbye, Mona," Edgar bellowed. "But tell Mary Ann Simpleton I want to see her."

"Can't."

"And why not?"

"She's out to lunch."

"Yes," said Edgar, "and hopelessly so."

The door clunked shut. Now alone, Edgar Halcyon stared out the window. Below there just happened to be a small cemetery with a solitary grave digger throwing up the last shovelfuls of grizzly dirt from a six-foot-deep hole. "Goddamn," thought Edgar.

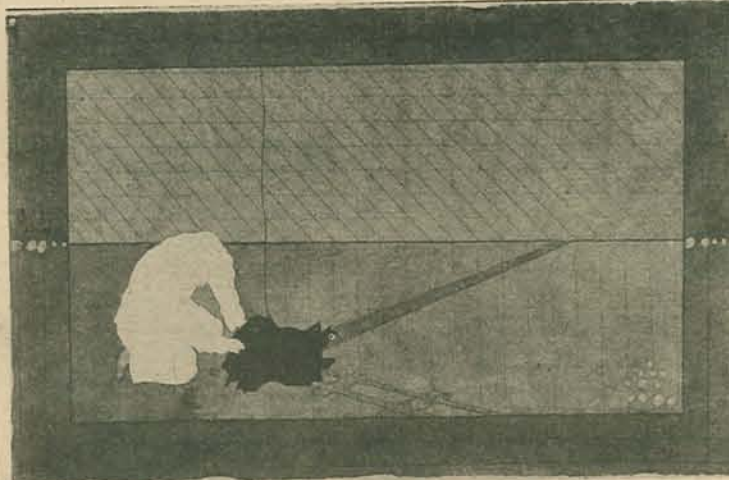
With beads of sweat forming on his businessman's brow, Edgar looked up to see a few fruit flies—insects that have only 24 hours to live—circling near a fluorescent light. "Goddamn," Edgar thought: a doctor's report sat on his desk.

Becoming introspective and soul-searching, Edgar turned on his office television. A rerun of "Run for Your Life" was on. "Goddamn," he thought as he looked into the tombstone-gray eyes of Ben Gazzara.

Edgar furtively switched the channel and watched a soap opera. "This is more like it," he thought. "Away from the problems of the world. Kind of like reading—who's that guy in the newspaper?"

—William Graham

THE BACK PAGE



"Kneeling Man," by Pepo Pichler, at Eliane Ganz Gallery, 3450 Sacramento St., SF.

'Introductions' marathon

This month nearly 50 new artists whose work has not previously been seen in local galleries are being exhibited at 18 member galleries of the San Francisco Art Dealers Association.

The annual summer "Introductions" program, now in its third year, has grown into a virtual marathon for anyone who wants to make the tour around town to see each show. This massive presentation is the galleries' response to the pressure they feel from the many artists around the Bay Area who are constantly bringing in their portfolios and hoping for a chance in the art business big time.

Every June hundreds of art

students graduate from UC Berkeley, Stanford, UC Davis, Hayward State, SF State, Oakland's College of Arts and Crafts and the SF Art Institute, and hundreds more gravitate in from elsewhere. They all need exhibits to establish their reputations and turn a buck, and the demand on a exhibition space in museums, galleries and art centers is so great that most now schedule exhibits a year or more in advance.

Since art galleries are commercial businesses, they are understandably reluctant to open their high-rent floor space to unestablished artists and low-priced art, so the Introductions shows are shunted

into what is normally the slowest season of the year for the art business. "Introductions 1976" contains no surprises. The gallery owners have stuck mostly with art that closely resembles the art that they regularly exhibit and know they can sell.

Over at the Hansen Fuller Gallery, for example, the unstretched-canvas paintings by Mike Henderson are strikingly similar to those of one of the gallery's stars, Bill Wiley. Both Henderson and Wiley teach at UC Davis. At Ruth Braunstein's Quay Gallery, the "new talent" is Judith Rafael, the wife of the nationally recognized painter Joe Rafael, whose work was shown at the gallery two months ago.

But to say that there are no surprises is not to say there is no good art in the show.

James Willis Gallery, 109 Geary. A seven-ton textured-steel monument entitled "X-position" by Robert Ellison. Somehow this 36-foot sculpture arrived in the second-floor gallery space, presumably in pieces, by crane, through the windows. Also some beautiful Raku ceramic vessels by David Kuraoka. "Raku" refers to the process of firing the pieces in a kiln at high temperatures, 2000 degrees, for an hour, then burying them in the ground with organic materials while they cool.

Phoenix Gallery, 257 Grant. Soft, subdued, abstract images by Barbara Kasten, achieved photographically by applying light-sensitive emulsions to paper, developing the images in color chemicals and overlaying them with patterned gauzes.

Charles Campbell Gallery, 647 Chestnut. A beautiful group of small Western landscapes painted in the field with intense colors by the Kansas artist Keith Jacobshagen.

Van Doren Gallery, 10 Gold Street. Realism watercolors of local scenes by San Franciscan Cele Hanzel, who uses the charming technique of leaving her foregrounds blank: one views a length of Market Street above Van Ness as if standing in the Red Desert store, but the frame of the store window and the cacti consist of white paper.

Upstairs Gallery, 1457 Grant. Some sensitive etchings by the woman printmaker Sachi Tsutsumi, whose stilly images are drawn from nature.

Hansen Fuller Gallery, 228 Grant. Along with the bold, robust paintings of Mike Henderson is a group of color photographs by SF Art Institute instructor Harry Bowers. Bowers employs the dye transfer technique of color printing, which is far superior to any other process and can render richly saturated as well as quite subtle colors. Only one commercial studio in San Francisco makes dye transfer prints, and the cost is usually so expensive it is rarely used for a large collection of art prints. Apparently Bowers has the equipment himself to make the gelatin plates for each of the primary colors. The gelatin holds the color dyes and the plates are imprinted in register one atop the other. This gives the photographer a lot of control over the intensity of colors.

—Blair Paltridge

Mr. Natural

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